Crown Loses Sex Appeal

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GEORGIA STRAIGHT

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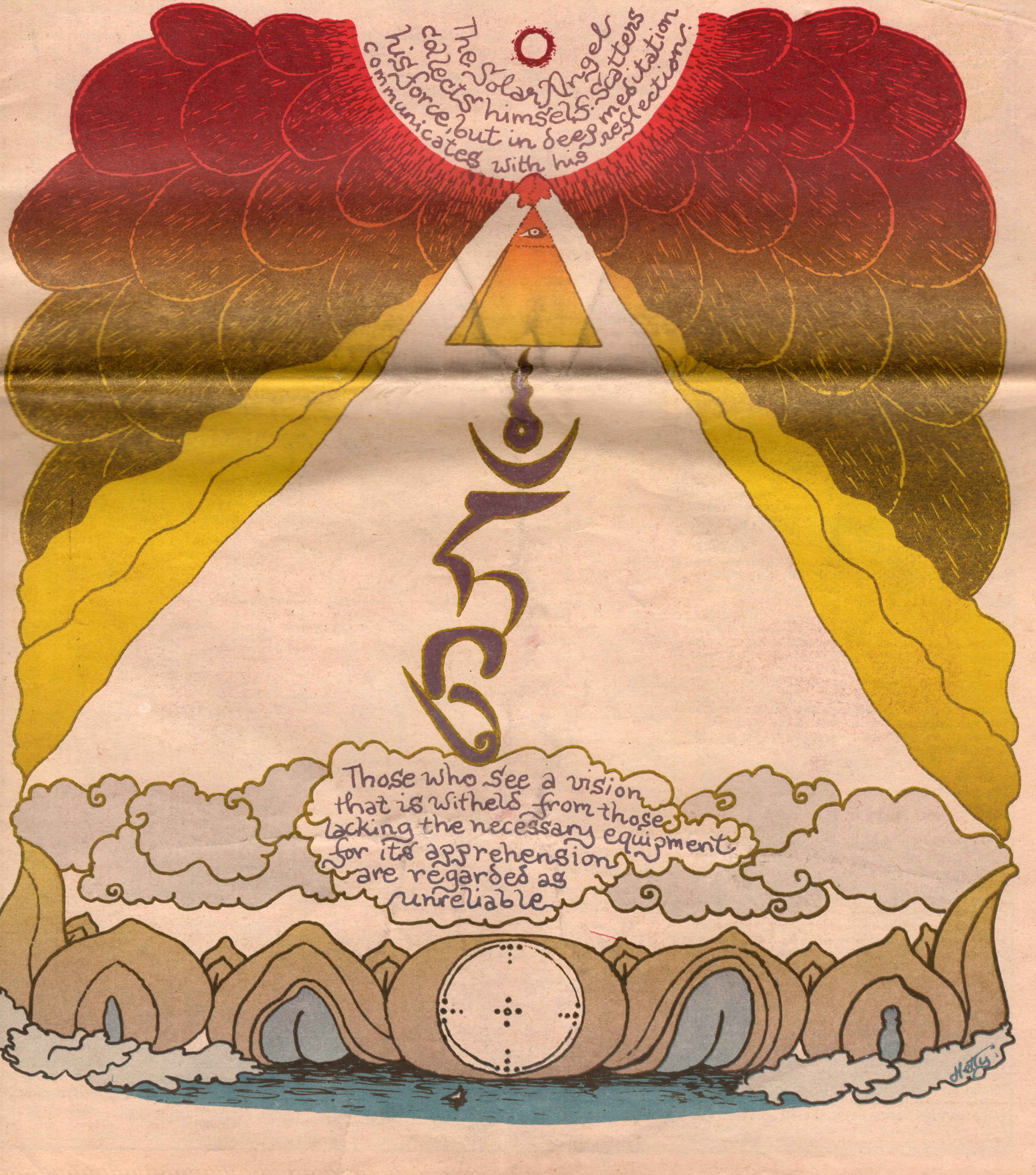

The Solar Angel
collects himself. Scatters
his force, but in deep meditation
communicates with his reflection.
Those who see a vision
that is witheld from those
lacking the necessary equipment
for its apprehension
are regarded as
unreliable
Hetty

McMORRAN LOSES SEX APPEAL

by STEPHEN BROWN

The Georgia Straight won in the Appeal Court of B.C. Tuesday. Or to put it more exactly, the Crown lost.

The Crown lost its appeal against the decision in favor of the Straight made a year ago by Judge Bernard Isman, which was the first court case the Straight ever won.

The case involved 3 counts of alleged obscenity the Straight was charged with, – a want-ad, a picture and an article in one edition. Isman argued in his favorable judgment that the content of the issue as a WHOLE had to be considered, not merely isolated fragments of it, and he judged the paper as a whole efinitely not obscene.

He added (at that time) that the Straight was, in his opinion, being singled out for what he called persecution by some authorities, particularly those in the city prosecutor's office.

OPENS WAY FOR ISOLATED OBSCENITY

The Crown prosecutor appealed Isman's decision, presumably for two chief reasons: they feared his "the whole publication, not minor parts" test of obscenity, if allowed to stand, would leave things wide open for the Straight and any other publications to run isolated obscenities in their issues and get away with it, so long as the whole issue is not predominantly obscene. Secondly, they were miffed at a judge ticking them off for persecuting the Straight.

It's funny; as I sit here typing this, in a walled (albeit rough plywood) office with a door, yet, I keep recalling the much more primitive conditions under which I wrote the story about the original Isman trial just one year ago. Then, I had to clear huge mounds of paper from a desk that was the most private in our old Carrall street office – "private" meant it was on the back office side of a short partition, the only wall in the place. Then Bob Cummings and I were the only paid writers on the paper; now, there are six of us (still only getting about $60 a week though). Then, there were only a handful of people on the rest of the paper's staff. Now, there are about 20 (including writers). Then, my story came out in the paper in amateur-looking typewriter-type; now it will come out in professional newspaper type.

STRAIGHT NOW A RESPECTABLE EMPLOYER

Then the paper was sold in maybe a dozen shops in the city, (besides the streets). Now, it's sold in 78 stores, 50 in Vancouver, a dozen more in staid, little Victoria, the rest in Prairie cities. In that year, circulation has gone up by 50% or more. And I wonder how much all this has to do with the decision in favor of the Straight today, by three of B.C.'s most senior judges – the fact that the Straight is now a respectable "small business", keeping a fair number of people employed in this day of high unemployment, and read as much (if not more) by "respectable" middle-aged citizens as by long-haired hippies. Not to forget that a a year ago, no special Senate commission on the press had singled out the Straight for praise and its "intimidators" in the city prosecutors office for censure, as did the Davey Report last week.

Anyway, back to reporting: the judges, Chief Justice Davey, Mr. Justice McFarlane (nobody seemed to know their first names, not even our defence lawyer, John Laxton), and Mr. Justice Angelo Branca, decided in favor of the Straight, with McFarlane seemingly against, and Branca most strongly for, doing much to influence Davey who reportedly was of two minds about the whole business. It was odd it should go this way, because as I sat and watched the three men during the appeal, I had concluded that Branca's eyes showed the sparkle of intelligence, while Davey appeared to be basically an aging legal cleric and McFarlane I could get nothing from. So, from my biased perspective, my judgment of the three men was confirmed by their judgments.

COURTROOM DESIGNED TO AWE

Incidentally, one thing that struck me about the appeal court room, a very ornate old place, equally splendiforous (in a faded sort of way) but smaller than the supreme court chamber across the way, is that the whole set-up is designed to instill a sort of unconscious deference, respect, silence, even awe toward the three (in reality very ordinary) men sitting as judges. They are sitting in chairs that are much larger than any others in the room, the chief justice's being positively throne-like. He sits directly beneath a very splendid bas-relief royal crest. All three of them are raised a good yard above the mere lawyers and defendents, who are even out-done by the court officers, who are about a foot higher (physically, not necessarily spiritually). But even these lowly personages are privileged members of an inner sanctum, compared to the ignoble public, who must sit outside a heavy richly-carved railing running the width of the room (see my sketch). Those inside the railing become part of a sort of stage-set, especially since they all wear appropriate costume – the black robes and funny white collars of the legal schmegal. Their very inclusion in this ponderous play prevents any outburst of feeling or spontaneity from disturbing the dusty dry logic of the legal proceedings.

HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED:

Enough philosophizing. On with the report: Crown prosecutor Sean Madigan started by citing section 150 (1-a) of the Criminal Code, which states that "everyone commits an offence who (a) makes, prints, publishes, distributes, circulates any obscene written matter, picture, model, phonograph record or other thing whatsoever."

He recalled that the crown's 3 charges against the Straight involved (1) an allegedly obscene article, "Penis de Milo: Cynthia Plastercaster", (2) an ad placed by a "Young man (who) wants young woman for muff-diving", and (3) a cartoon of a dog urinating on a fire hydrant. All 3 appeared in one issue of the Straight no. 55.

He cited the case "The Crown vs. Brodie", in which the judge declared that an inquiry into alleged obscenity must begin with a search for the dominant characteristic of a publication.

"It is only necessary to prove that the undue exploitation of sex is a dominant characteristic," said Madigan.

"The book as a complete work must be taken into consideration. The question is whether the book as a whole is obscene, not whether certain passages are obscene."

WHICH SIDE'S HE ARGUING FOR?

At this point, it sounded as though he was arguing for the defence, because this was exactly Judge Isman's reason for throwing out the original charges – that the dominant characteristic of the Straight was NOT obscenity. And Chief Justice Davey seemed to have the same thought: he was watching Madigan with a puzzled look, wondering whose side he was on.

But Madigan was just intriguing us to get close attention, as it turned out, for he then dramatically declared that "in this case, it was not the ENTIRE paper that was alleged obscene (in the original charge), just the article on page 15 ("Plastercaster").

A HALF-PAGE BOOK??

Then, to my surprise (I didn't realize the Crown was so bankrupt for arguments in this case) he proceeded to argue that the article (which was only about half a page long) amounted to a BOOK!

So, Madigan continued, trying hard, Judge Isman had made an error in law in taking it to mean that he had to look at the contents of the whole newspaper in his judgment.

At this point, Davies interrupted from his throne: "How can you possibly succeed in this appeal, Mr. Madigan, because Judge Isman based his decision on two factors, that the paper must be judged as a whole, and secondly, that even IF one accepted the proposition that each article must be judged on its own, he STILL finds that the picture, article and advertisement were not obscene, under the legal definition of obscenity.

"We can't entertain an appeal on that – that ends the case, doesn't it?"

CROWN WILL BE HANDCUFFED

Madigan was taken aback by this early rebuke, but struggled on. No, he argued, it doesn't end the case, because Isman was "confused" as to whether these articles, etc., would have been obscene under any circumstances, and because "his honor was unduly influenced by looking at the rest of the newspaper – of course there are several INNOCUOUS articles in it."

He said it was a very important legal point because Isman's precedent, if allowed to stand, would make it impossible for the crown to lay obscenity charges against certain publications (like the Straight) because the predominant nature of the paper was not obscene.

Juge McFarlane said that under Madigan's definition of "publication", it could mean even half a sentence in a newspaper.

Madigan: "Yes."

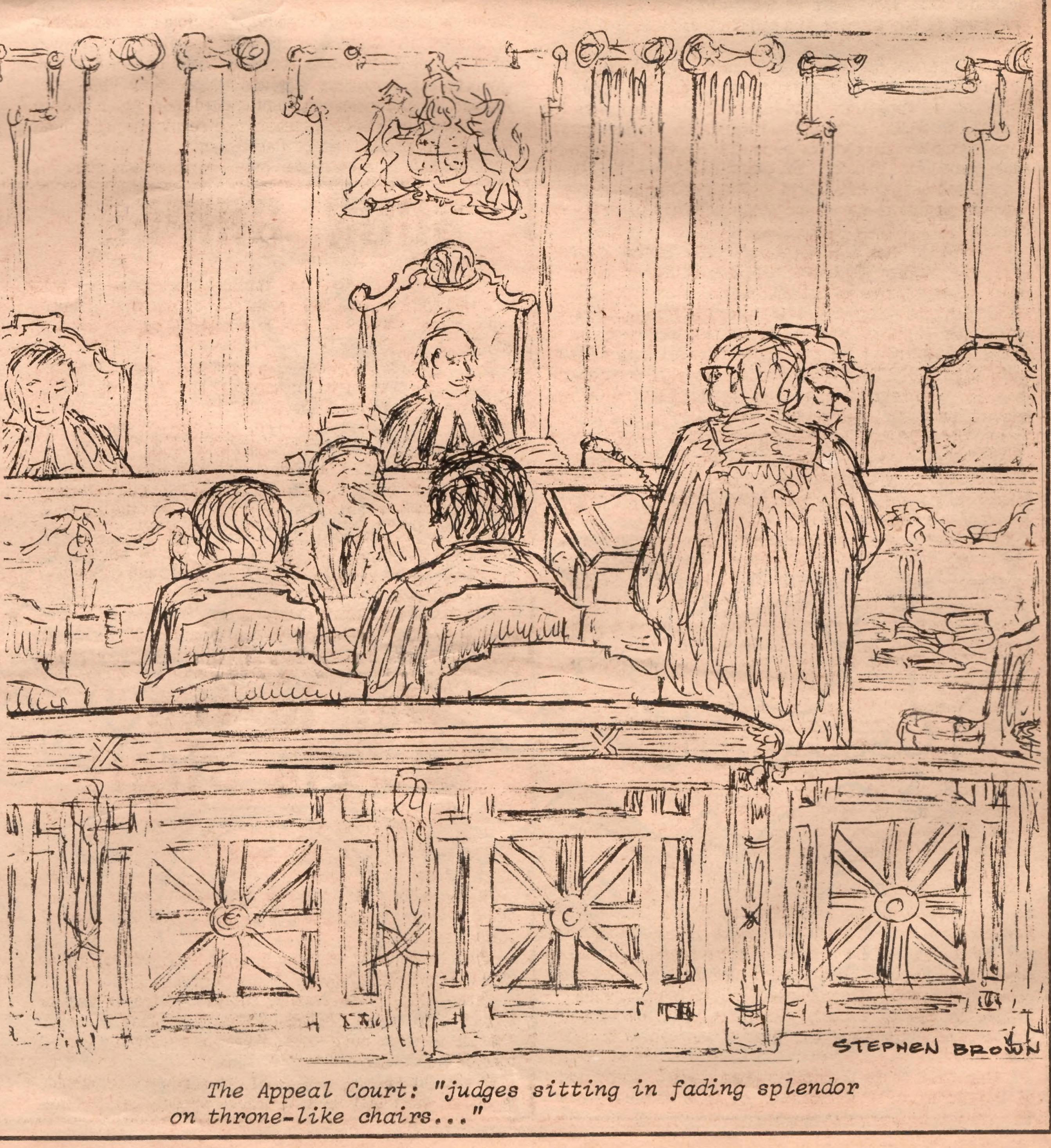
LAXTON DEFENDS US CHAUCERS

Then defence counsel John Laxton had his turn to speak. After Madigan's dry droning voice, Laxton's rich deep voice was a relief.

He recounted that Judge Isman related the alleged obscenities in the Cynthia Plastercaster article to "the bawdy humor of Chaucer" and said its main purpose was not the undue exploitation of sex but was to "satirize the adulation by some young people of rock stars."

He noted that the same article had run in "Topper", actually in much more explicit form, and yet its publishers were never charged, 'though it sells on far more nesstands in Vancouver than the Straight dows. Laxton described "Topper" as "one of those expensive, glossy magazines."

When he was discussing the urinating-dog cartoon, Laxton asked the learned judges to look up a reproduction of the picture on page 161 of the trial book, which resulted in a humorous scene, with all 3 peering at the picture and making sure to keep their faces blank of expression.



The Appeal Court: "judges sitting in fading splendor on throne-like chairs..."

TROUBLES of the REAL CAMPBELL

If you incur the wrath of self seekers, you can expect to suffer for it. So a man named Andrew Thompson Campbell discovered last week.

About one and a half years ago a group of citizens, unhappy with the way in which the affairs of this city are conducted, discussed nominating one of their group for office. Three months ago they decided to form the New Proletarian Association and to run Andrew Thompson Campbell for mayor.

Campbell was the logical choice. He is a descendant of Vancouver's 'law and order mayor' of the depression era, Gerry McGeer, and has the same name – Tom Campbell – as the present falsehood who presides as mayor.

But this state of affairs could not be tolerated by the city's power brokers. On Tuesday evening Pat Burns, a radio commentator known for his reactionary views, claimed that one of the candidates for mayor would be arrested that evening. At the same time he said that the campaign manager for one candidate was a notorious political agitator, a former member of the Irish Republican Army, and a deserter from the American Army.

The real Tom Campbell and his campaign manager, Mike MacKenzie, heard Burns' claims. They feared that the authorities had devised some spurious charges to lay against them but nothing happened that evening.

MacKenzie said later in response to Burns' allegations "Absolutely no Comment." On the Tuesday evening both Campbell and his wife checked with the police and were informed that there were no warrants out for his arrest.

But on Wednesday night, while they were lamenting the fact that the false Campbell had won the election due to the 45,000 votes cast in error, 2 RCMP and 2 Vancouver cops arrived at the door. The police gained entry by asking to speak with someone who had formerly lived in the house. (That person is presently in prison). Once inside, they started checking names and when they came to Andrew Thompson Campbell they arrested him for trafficking in LSD. They claimed that their warrant had been issued in June of 1969 and that they had only recognized him from a compaign picture that week.

This, they said, was the earliest that they could find him, despite the fact that Campbell had been working as a warehouseman for the CPR for some time and had apparently been bonded since June of 1969. Mike said that Campbell had made no attempt to hide his identity in that time.

When he appeared on the acid charge, the prosecutor asked that bail be set at $500. Judge Davies took that request and multiplied by ten, setting bail at the unusually high amount of $5,000. This, even though it was a first offense and the accused man has a steady job.

Campbell was also charged with an assault in Sechelt, but MacKenzie said that he could distinctly remember the week-end of the assault and felt that it was quite probably a case of mistaken identity.

Undaunted by these attacks on their reputations the members of the New Proletarian Association intend to continue. Mike MacKenzie said they would probably run candidates for mayor again in two years, and perhaps Tom Campbell would be one of them.

But there is a lesson in their experience. The people who hold power speak of freedom, but it only applies to them. They speak as if all are to be treated equally, when they really mean that a few are much more equal. And if you happen to cross them you'd best beware. The people who run this city play rough and it's up to us to stop them.

GORA EUZKADI AZKATUTA!

(Long live the free Basque people!)

From your war correspondant in Quebec – DIOGENE

(Ed. Note: All the correspondence from DIOGENE in Montreal comes to us written in French and, thus far, has been diligently translated for you by DAVID TAYLOR of the Straight Staff.)

To know the motives for the Quebec crisis, is good. To pinpoint the struggle taken on by Quebecois revolutionaries in the Canadian and North American context, is even better. But what is absolutely necessary is to place a people's revolutionary struggle a bit in the totality of other liberation struggles throughout the world.

We mustn't forget that Quebec is only one small piece (certainly important to us) of the world-wide revolt of the exploited. The struggle of the Quebec people is moreover incomprehensible to eyes of the world since it exists in a part of the world which is the most comfortable materially, at least at face value. And to this end, it must be explained to those who do not understand that the "level of life" and "buying power" are used in the service of a minority to enslave a majority.

But there are the others. How can we forget Franco's Spain and the terror which reigns in the Basque country. How can we forget the napalm which we make here in Canada at $1.25 an hour, and which the United States uses "democratically" to make the North Vietnamese understand the benefits of Capitalist ideology? How can we not be oppressed with all the Palestinian people, common pawns in the chess party between the "Great Powers"?

I refuse to speak of Quebec without having spoken about the "other Quebecois" of the whole world, because slavery knows no national bounds.

Through the violence, which during these past few weeks has marked everyone in Quebec either as part of the F.L.Q. or as part of the repression (even if you don't approve of either one or the other), we at least have the advantage of remembering that injustice is an international phenomenon and that no country is spared. Everywhere combats of moral, physical and cultural survival are being waged. All of the "wretched of the earth" (Franz Fanon) are asserting their "right to self-defense" with the only means available to them, which are last chance stands.

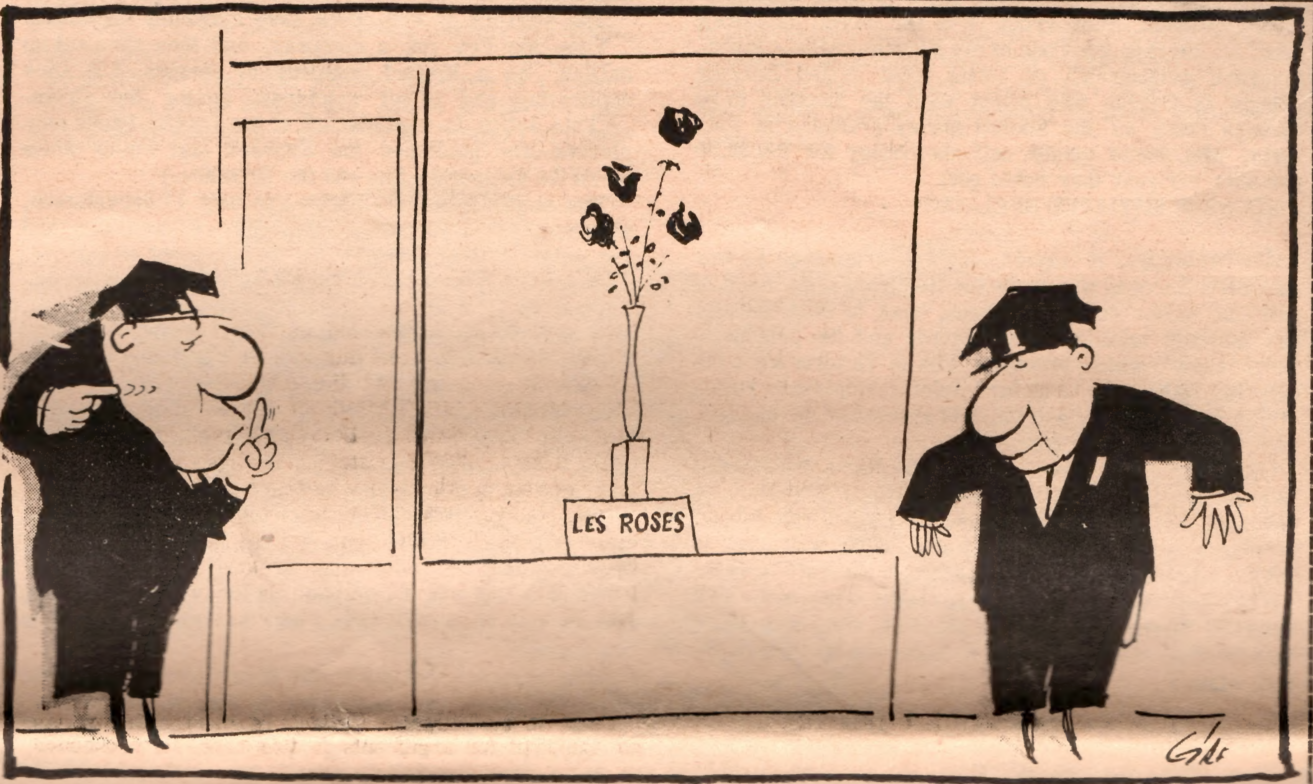
I'm thinking to the 16 accused in Burgos, in Spain, and of the two and one half million Basques whom they represent. I'm thinking of their trials and of the tortures which they have suffered, of the denial of fundamental human rights. I'm thinking of the monster whose name is Franco. And I find the bargaining, of which the Spanish Consul to Germany, Mr. Eugen Beihl, is the victim, to be just.

I'm thinking of the struggle taken up by the Brazilian people, drained of blood by American capitalists, under the cover of a pseudo-independent nationalism. And I find that the liberation of the 70 political prisoners, whose sole crime was to liberate their country, is worth 70 times over the life of the Swiss Ambassador, M. Giovanni Enrico Bucher, kidnapped by the A.L.N. (Armee de Liberation National) commando, "Juarez Guimaraes de Brito".

I'm thinking of that old inhumane law, dated 1940, set into power by Mr. Jack Vynch, Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, to stifle the "anger of the exploited", and put an end to the activities of the Irish Republican Army (clandestine). I'm thinking of the concentration camps which this same government is busy constructing, to put an end to Liberty. And this made me think of Quebec. And this made me think of the camps in Nazi Germany.

I also think of the possibility of an electric strike and of the threat of a Declaration of State of Emergency which is hanging over England. And closer to ourselves, in Quebec, I'm thinking of the 400 "Lapalme" employees of a postal distribution company fired by the Trudeau government 9 months ago and which, since this date, closed its gates, and has not opened them again. Every day, they come back together, and regularly "march on Ottawa" to protest before Parliament. . .

. . .and it makes me smile with scorn, when M. Mitchell Sharp, our brilliant Minister of External Affairs, has just declared that the "refusal of the Quebec government to negotiate with the F.L.Q. considerably increased the safety of world diplomats". We gargle and Praise the Lord. But all the ostriches of the world are hiding their heads in the sand so as not to see the danger. . .it's the best way to get their asses kicked some day. . .



SOUR GRIPES

by PETER BURTON

". . .they con you into thinking you're the one that can win what's never been won, that can do what's never been done: meantime life outside goes on all around you."

If a social worker takes a welfare food voucher to someone who dies of malnutrition a month later, what has been accomplished? Has the person been helped or has his agony just been prolonged? Or has the social worker simply done what he gets paid to do?

That is what the election seems like one week after. Nothing has changed, with the same aldermen returned and the same mayor. It's easy to see that the rules of the game are stacked against the 'good guys', for they don't have the money power, the media power, or the well-known names. So few of them get elected – in this election only Harry Rankin.

But what is only slightly more difficult to see is that it wouldn't matter if they had won. For historically, elected representatives in a capitalist state have either sold out or been swamped, whatever their party label or their ideals.

In 1914 the German Social Democrats were the strongest left-wing party in Europe. They voted to enter the imperialist World War I. Britain's first Labour Prime Minister, Ramsay MacDonald, was coopted into a coalition government, despite his working class origins and his socialist rhetoric.

And in Canada, the 'liberal' Trudeau introduces the War Measures Act, while the social democratic government of Manitoba hastens to ensure business that it has no intention of interfering with either profits or American investment.

But what else could they have done? Being successful in an election puts the social democrat in the position of a social worker. He might be able to minister to the ills of society temporarily. But because property is owned and controlled by an elite group which is neither responsible nor responsive to the mass of the people, the elected rep cannot effect a cure.

The best he can do is work to expose the fraud. Meantime every two years the advertising signs will try to con us into thinking we can win. . .

War in the Georgia Strait

by NO BII LYNE

The USS COONTZ (DLG-9), along with two other U.S. navy ships have been doing "war game exercises" with the help of the Canadian navy. The exercises have been taking place in the Georgia Strait for the last three weeks.

This information and much more was relayed to us by a sailor on the Coontz.

Three ships (the Coontz, another destroyer and an escort ship) were docked in Vancouver last weekend. Two of us went down to see them and received a guided tour of the Coontz.

It was interesting to have all the hardware explained, those weapons that their brochure proudly call "power for peace" and "force for freedom".

The sailor that led our tour talked about how he relates to the war, desertions, civilian opposition to the war and what it is like to be a sailor in the American navy in general.

He was confused, alienated and extremely unsatisfied about the navy, the war, protests, his whole life. He has friends that have deserted and others that are veterans of the war that are now against it, however his contacts with those people are very limited, a situation that exists for most people in the military. He was a friendly guy and not at all uptight with our questions.

There are an awful lot of people on these ships that would appreciate some contact with the "outside" and a lot can be learned by talking to someone directly involved with the U.S. war machine. Also there is the possibility that someone can be convinced to desert.

Whenever you see American sailors in town it means there is a ship in port, probably docked at the foot of Burrard St. Go down and talk to these men, they would be good people to have on our side.

SKAGIT: DAVIS AND GOLIATH

by STEPHEN BROWN

SEATTLE – (late bulletin) – Seattle city council has voted 6-2 in favor of flooding the Skagit Valley, including 5,200 acres in B.C.

After a half-hour debate, in which opposition expressed in B.C. was hardly acknowledged, the council authorized its city-owned power company, Seattle City Light, to seek U.S. Federal Power Commission approval of the damming and flooding.

It appears that Jack Davis, minister of the Trudeau government's new environmental department, may be legally able to stop the Skagit Valley flooding single-handedly, informed sources have told me.

"It depends on how far-reaching the authority of the new department is," one said. "If it is as far-reaching as it appears to be, then Davis would not need cabinet approval" (to disallow the application by Seattle City Light Co. to flood the Canadian-American valley for hydro power).

Since Davis has made it clear he is strongly opposed to the flooding, this would mean a victory for the conservationist ROSS group (Run Out Skagit Spoilers). That is, barring what one of my sources called "Macciavellian pressures" on Davis from vested interest groups in Canada who might want the flooding to go through (such as the Socred money-grubbers in Victoria, who would gladly sell the valley for the $5.50 per acre per year they would get).

SOCREDS INITIATED SELL-OUT

(Interestingly, it came out last week that it was Bennett's Socreds who made the first firm agreement to sell the valley to the Yankees, back in 1953. Bennett has claimed until now that Ottawa and the provincial Liberal gov't which preceded him in Victoria were the culprits, citing the 1942 Int'l Joint Commission ruling allowing the flooding and the 1947 agreement by the B.C. legislature to the IJC ruling.

(But digging by Dave Ablett of the Sun's Washington Bureau into U.S. Federal Power Commission files has revealed that the '47 agreement was only an agreement in principle and that the first real offer was made in 1953 – by Bennett's newly-elected Socred regime.

This sell-out offer was apparently made quite voluntarily. There is nothing in the FPC files to indicate that Seattle made any kind of initiative to prompt the B.C. offer.)

CANADIANS RAID SEATTLE

So much for the record. Back to contemporary history. . .last Thursday, two busloads of SPEC and ROSS supporters went down to Seattle to make themselves heard at a meeting of the Seattle City Power Commission.

Also at the meeting were some pro-flooding Seattle aldermen, who are angered by Seattle mayor, Wes Uhlman's recently taken stand that Seattle should refuse the application by Seattle City Light Co. to flood the valley. They say he had no authority to take such a stand.

SPEC communications director Jim Marunchak described the encounter between the American power officials and politicians and the Canadian conservationists as "a farce".

"They had already started their session in the city council chambers, on the eleventh floor of the King County building, when we arrived.

BOOS, HISSES FORCE OPEN HEARING

"They made it quite clear that the meeting was not open to us. But after much booing and hissing by the crowd, they let us in. (There were Canadian AND American conservationists in the crowd.) "They said they were not elected to make decisions of this kind – just to pass them on to higher authorities.

"At first we weren't going to be allowed to speak but finally they said they would allow anyone who wanted to speak against the flooding application 20 minutes – altogether!

"A lawyer for the American (save-the-valley) group said they were ducking their responsibility as elected representatives. He introduced our Ken Farquharson, of ROSS, who made it eminently clear that, regardless of what decision they (the U.S. officials) made, the Canadian people would not allow the Skagit to be flooded. That represented our (SPEC's) position as well."

Marunchak said another speaker offered an alternate way of generating increasing power 'needs' (in quotes because much of the increased demand for power is a result of greater artificially-induced 'needs' – more appliances, signs, stronger lighting, etc.). The man suggested increasing the turbine capacity in generating plants.

"But none of our statements seemed to make much difference," said Marunchak. "It was clear they'd already made their minds up."

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UNDICK FIGHTS SC-BS

by TONY TUGWELL

When companies are struck middle management often rolls up their sleeves. They drag comfortable posteriors around the shop or sit at switchboards for two shifts a day, pretending that they can do as good a job as the workers.

The strikers at A.B. Dick have reversed the tables.

They too can run a company. And they have set up unDick as a limited company to service A.B. Dick duplicating and offset machines, during the strike.

(This action is reminiscent of the Pacific Press employees who published the Express last winter while on strike against the Sun and the Province.)

The strike is small. There are only 17 servicemen, warehouse men and office supervisors in the union. And the union is fighting basically for its right to survive.

Despite the size A.B. Dick considers it really important to beat the union, John Squire of the Retail Wholesale and Department Store Union said.

This is because this is the first A.B. Dick company to have been organized. And a successful contract for the union would probably spark organizing at other company offices – in Chicago for instance, among the 3,000 employees there.

Squire said the service industry was a "real jungle" to survive in. Usually, he said, unions don't get much chance to form. Staff who are pushing for the union are quickly fired.

At A.B. Dick in Vancouver, however, the union was recognized as a bargaining unit for the employees in September.

The company sent out a man from Chicago to bargain with the union, but according to Squire, he wouldn't agree to anything and it was obvious they were just trying to break up the union.

They went on strike on October 27.

The company has flown in service men from other districts to handle the customers and try and break the strike. Squire says they flew in more people than were originally working there.

The courts have delivered a decision against the strikers: An injunction said union pickets couldn't call people scabs. "The judge says we can only call them strikebreakers," Squire said.

In order to bring their own pressure on the company, the union organized unDick which can be contacted at 879-0710.

They sent out letters to all A.B.Dick customers telling them alternate places to get ink and paper supplies. And they said unDick was available for service calls.

Co-operation was good from trade union organizations. But predictably, big companies like MacMillan-Bloedel, BC Tel, and public BC Hydro (CKNW too) are still with A.B. Dick.

And the universities which train the flunkies for the middle management positions also know which-side they are on. According to Squire both SFU and UBC personnel directors told unDick to "go to hell".

They hope to bring pressure through faculty and student bodies.

The personnel department at SFU told me they'd asked the A.B. Dick people not to send up their servicemen. But as their machines hadn't broken down yet they hadn't decided whether or not to use unDick. I asked if they were in the middle and he said yes.

UBC personnel said they didn't know anything about the A.B.Dick machines at UBC. When I phoned Hanson Lau of the UBC student government he said the UBC Alma Mater society hadn't done or heard anything about the strike. He did say, however, that A.B. Dick customers were bound by a service contract which would make it impossible to use unDick.

I phoned the union back. They said the service contract could easily be cancelled by phoning A.B. Dick and saying that you wanted this done. You then get a refund for the time left in the contract.

Then organizations could use the strikers, through unDick, to service their equipment at similar charges.

V.L.F. STATEMENT ON FIREARMS

We have been hearing a lot about the fascism coming down on our Quebecois and black brothers and sisters, but it's coming down here too. Earlier this month the pigs busted into a V.L.F. house with the story that someone had mugged and ripped-off a cabbie, and the pigs thought the assailants were in the house. Firstly, anyone who knows the V.L.F. knows their trip ain't ripping-off poor and working folks; secondly, the bullshit pig story turned out to be just that – a bullshit pack of lies. No cabbie was mugged that night.

Once inside the house the pigs proceeded to look for the varments in closets, drawers, under mattresses, and in personal papers. After oinking out their fascist power trip for an hour they stole an M-1 carbine rifle claiming it was an illegal machine-gun. That was three weeks ago.

This week when the V.L.F. went to the pig sty to get back their stolen rifle, the pigs wouldn't return it. They now admit that it is not a machine-gun and is in fact a legal carbine, but still won't return it and are laying charges under section 98G of the criminal (keep the people down) code. 98G reads to the effect that someone is not moral or sane enough to possess a firearm. Up to now it has only been used against people who don't have it mentally together. This is the first time the pigs have used it politically.

What is happening to the V.L.F. is another step in the strategy of the small handfull of rich pigs who control this country. If they can disarm the people as easily as they have ripped-off the V.L.F., they can get as fascist as they want. Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun and they got the power when they got the guns.

Free Gagnon, Valliers, Angela and Bobby
All Power to the People!

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LABOUR TALKS DEPRESSION TACTICS

by TONY TUGWELL

Workers unite, you have only your chains, a new car, a home in the suburbs and a role in the exploitation of the underdeveloped world to lose.

The union movement, they say, has become conservative. Moderate talk for moderate aims. Bread and butter issues and keeping the wage increases at least as high as the increase in the cost of living.

But the economy is fucking up (thanks to the U.S. overextending and spending in anti-liberation wars) and the Trudeau government has decided that the working man (not the managers and bosses) will have to pay heaviest.

In these times, some union men begin to feel, tentatively, more militant. They become interested in the union movements in the '30's, they talk of uniting with non-union unemployed and in some circles occupying plants is also suggested.

Local unions have organized unemployed committees. The B.C. Federation of Labour is planning to choose a co-ordinator to work with union and non-union unemployed groups in the area. And last Friday unemployed members of the International Woodworkers of America organized a seminar to educate members to the causes of present unemployment and to a past militant history of the unions.

The 50 or so participants in the seminar supported the idea of a mass demonstration against unemployment in Victoria sometime in January or February. They called for unions to set up headquarters for their own unemployed. They wanted the unions to attack welfare, unemployment insurance and Manpower injustices. They called for more educational seminars in plant locals as well as for groups of unions.

Perhaps most significantly they called for the forming of a union of the unemployed. They wanted a council and a headquarters to bring together union and non-union unemployed organizations.

The unemployed organizers of the seminar weren't too happy with the turnout. They had hoped for 175. And at most, half the people at the seminar were unemployed IWA members. The rest were union bureaucrats from around the city.

But they said they had only just started to organize the unemployed. The IWA, the largest single union in B.C., has almost 1,000 unemployed in its 7,000 man Vancouver local. By December 19, more layoffs will bring this figure up to 2,000 unemployed.

Many of the people speaking at the seminar in the Labour Temple on Commercial referred to more militant union days.

Bruce Elphinstone, an unemployed IWA member, mentioned workers tag days in the '30's "harassed and arrested by the police" as they tried to raise money for food and clothing. He talked about the Great Trek across the country to dramatize unemployment, and about unemployed B.C. Electric electricians who worked midnight shifts reconnecting people's electricity as fast as the company cut it off.

Lynn Atkins, of the Action Committee fo r Unemployed Youth talked about the unemployed invading and occupying the Art Gallery, Vancouver Hotel and Post Office in the '30's. There was strong co-operation between union and non-union unemployed at this time, he said.

Syd Thompson, president of the Vancouver local of the IWA told people: "I came through the '30's". He talked about relief camps where people got 20¢ a day for pick and shovel work, and organizers were fired and blacklisted from camps which were run like armies. Some organizers went from camp to camp with as many as 24 different names in one year.

Thompson said there weren't the welfare and unemployment insurance benefits then, that there are now. He said unemployment wasn't necessarily "all that bad". And advised the unemployed spend their spare time getting "better understanding of labour unionism and it it would benefit yourself, the people you work with and the union." Thompson said he had educated himself during the '30's.

Thompson spoke first on Friday, supposedly for 10 minutes. But he took about three quarters of an hour, cutting off the time for speakers and other union men to participate.

As union leaders go, Thompson is considered to be one of the more militant, and he blames the capitalist system for unemployment.

"There are always more autos and shoes produced than the population as a whole can buy. Because collectively if we buy what we can use there is no profit for the boss."

Trudeau is "deliberately creating a pool of unemployment to keep wages down," and no cabinet minister should tour the area without being met by angry demonstrators.

But Thompson's militancy could just be verbal flourish. Later he said: "The trade union movement, contrary to what some people would like it to be, is not a movement for revolution, or a political party. . .Poverty and hard times don't necessarily make people more militant."

Thompson also said North American workers were better off partly because unions here concentrated more on bread and butter issues, and weren't as deeply political as European unions.

After Thompson, Bill Grant, an unemployed former Rayonier mill worker, talked about the extent of unemployment in the area.

Walter Koerner was on the Economic Council of Canada which said employers shouldn't push all the problems of recession off onto workers, Grant pointed out. But Koerner didn't carry this philosophy over to his position as Chairman of the Board at Rayonier, which was now laying off large numbers of workers.

Unemployment in the Vancouver area is extensive and here for a while, Grant said. The steelworkers have 1800 unemployed of 5800 men he said. The Brotherhood of Electrical Workers have 27.5% unemployment; the Merchant Service Guild have 13% unemployment; plumbers and pipefitters 10%; operating engineers 15%; and the longshoremen don't have any of their usual jobs open for casual labour.

In the IWA one local has 3000 of 4000 members unemployed. And the Vancouver local will have 2000 of 7000 unemployed by Dec. 19.

Unemployment has increased, Bill Grant said, from 5% in '69 to 6.5% in Canada this year. But in B.C. the figure went from 5.6% to 8.4% in '70. This means about 76,000 unemployed in B.C. And a good portion of these are under 25.

The cut back not only effects people on the job, Grant said. In schools, hospitals and the community, "the real demands of people are not being met."

Phil Dubois, soon to be unemployed SFU lecturer, had prepared a survey showing the connections of the directors in the B.C. Forestry industry, He said it probably wasn't necessary to explain monopoly to workers in the industry, as they experienced it directly.

Layoffs were much larger in the plywood and pulp industry than they were in the lumber industry, Dubois explained. This was because pulp and plywood had fewer firms and was a closer monopoly. Thus it was easier to control production by laying off in pulp and plywood industries.

After lunch Lynn Atkins said union and non-union unemployed often viewed each other with mutual hostility. The union men often suspected the poor of not really wanting to work. And the non-union unemployed often accused unions of creating inflation and living high off the job. This leads to students scabbing on unions, Atkins said.

But both views were wrong, he said. Prejudice kept people apart. Instead they should fight the common enemy – capitalism.

Atkins talked about the struggle of the Unemployed Citizens Welfare Improvement Council to organize people on welfare. "Welfare and unemployment insurance were born from past union struggles," he said. Unions should actively " respond to welfare violations".

Bruce Elphinstone, another unemployed IWA man, said, "every trade unionist inherits the right to struggle and the instrument to struggle – your union."

Elphinstone said many of the leaders who were from the '30's, a powerful chapter in labour history, were still in the movement today. "Some have grown tired of struggle," he said. "And they haven't included youth in their union."

The downtrodden, Elphinstone said, had to be organized "into an effective fighting association."

'PEACE SUCKS'

--Mackenzie Kink

So why, everybody keeps asking everyone else, including the governments, why was the War Measures Act invoked? Because those fifty-year-old liberals running things are nostalgic for War, that's why.

If we can't have a war, at least we'll have a War Measures Act!

See, they grew up during the thirties and forties. Lots of war, dig. People in uniforms with sten guns. And they could get us into Korea, Frank Lovejoy in fatigues on every street corner. But we didn't send any soldiers to Indochina. The Americans got a gun war and we haven't, and the liberals are jealous.

They're sentimental about khaki. They were Happy when there was a military drama going on. Fishing rights are boring. Remember the Happy Gang program every day on CBC. They quit when the wars were over. Nobody happy any more. God damn kids walk around with bellbottoms instead of brown suits, aghh.

Notice how the advanced middle aged guys in blue suits pep up when they see a guy slouching in from to the German consulate with a machine gun. Gives them a thrill right thru the scrotum. We're living in dangerous times. Hooray. Praise the Lord and pass the amino acid.

They had to concoct a big conspiracy, throw girls in jail. . .pretty soon they'll be writing songs about it, the grey cliffs of Dorval, etc. They'll send Irving Layton to read virile poems filled with four-letter words like phalli and red-menace to the troops. Get right in the swing of things. Pull up their kids' cannabis plants and put in victory gardens.

Yeah, but who we at war with, gov? Can't tell you son, the walls have ears and your government knows what it's doing, no bunch of bleeding hearts in Ottawa and Quebec. Oh yeah, sir, I dig, my country right or wrong; uh which is it, by the way? Can't tell you son, we're at war.

Ain't nobody listening to the jukebox at the Canadian Legion club tonight.

G. Bowering

---

bus slow down

All those Christmas shoppers, trying to purchase the plastics sold in the downtown stores, and they have to wait long periods for bus.

Or they have to drive their cars and increase the downtown pollution.

And it's all because of a service slowdown by the drivers from the Amalgamated Transit Union who are trying to pressure the company, B.C. Hydro, on contract negotiations.

At least that is the line that the SUN and PROVINCE are laying down. The company knows that if the public gets pissed off at the drivers, then the bargaining powers of the Union will be hurt.

But there is another side to the story, a complicated one that the workers have a hard time putting across. Basically, each driver has three options over a three-month period. He can sign up for his regular shift of 40 hours a week; he can sign up for 'extra' by which he agrees to work an extra 8 1/2 hours in 4 weeks as necessary; or he can sign up for extra, and then also sign up for two hour specials, which could mean, one driver said, that a man would work as much as 16 or 17 hours a day.

This third option was supposed to be reserved for emergencies, but John Harlow of the Union said that B.C. Hydro had relied on it for years to cut down on the staff. It was this that the men were refusing to do if they had previously agreed to the normal overtime requirement.

Frank Appleby of B.C. Hydro said that he wasn't clear on the whole thing and so he couldn't say if the men were, in fact, still working one form of overtime, while refusing to do the extra overtime.

The issues in the negotiations are mainly wages - the drivers now get $3.75 per hour and are asking for an additional $1.00 over two years. B.C. Hydro is offering slightly over 24¢ over two years.

But another issue that incenses the men is travelling time. When the drivers had to give change, they were expected to report to the depot at the beginning or end of a shift. But now that the exact coin fare has been used, the company is trying to introduce 'random relief'. This would mean a man would be expected to start anywhere the company wanted him to and finish perhaps miles away, with no allowance for personal travelling time.

The union is demanding that the men be relieved at their home start or be paid for the time loss involved.

To the unemployed or the welfare recipient the whole thing may seem like a drag. But perhaps someone should ask why, when there is 15% unemployment, a company still tries to force men to work overtime, rather than hiring new people to ease the burden of their shit work.

It's also an example of how companies – and despite its public ownership, B.C. Hdro operates like a private company – turn various sectors of the public against each other for their own benefit.

While the slow down, which could become a strike, is on, pick up hitchhikers. Or just stop at bus stations and offer rides. That's if you can afford a car, of course.

---

where
who
what
is UNCLE VINTY?

UNCLE
VINTY!!
HE'S AT THE GARDENS PARTY
DECEMBER 27
6-2 PM

GEORGIA
STRAIGHT

THE TYRANT'S FOE - - THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND

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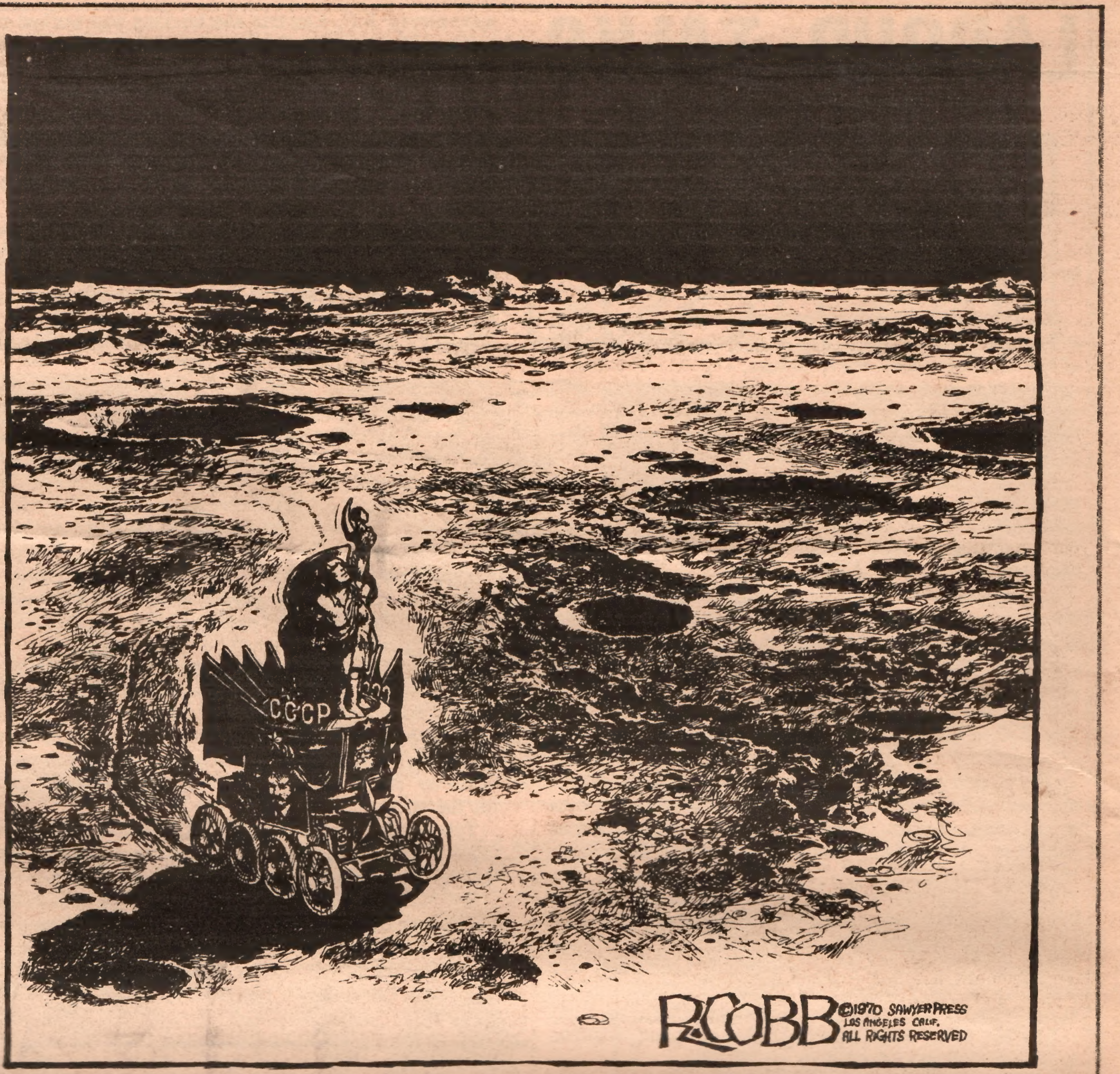
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SASKATOON SALESMEN

My interest in the young "Straight" salesmen started last summer when I bought my first copy of the paper, (hitherto I wasn't sure if it wasn't mythical) from a young boy with long hair, a beaded headband and a "selling chant" that sounded utterly New York. Most people seemed to just pretend he was invisible for a solution to passing him, rather than indicating they didn't want to buy, but from the kid's way of hawking I gathered he was used to this and just waited for any of The People to pass by. He knew, I guess, most of them weren't blind.

That first copy of mine ended up being passed around the staff table at work. Some who read it got their jollies out of the swear words. Some were afraid to read it lest they become communists or something. EVERYBODY read the want ads. Most agreed it was a far better way than some dumb farmer advertising for a "housekeeper" whenthat sure as hades was not what he wanted, or some of those weird ads for strange devices thinly disguised as health and beauty aids in the cheapies. Anyway, after that I watched for the kid and I think some of the others at work did too.

When I talked to some of these boys I found them to be as interesting as the 'Straight' and here's what they had to say about themselves.

The oldest regular is said to be seventeen and needs the bread for board and room. That's what the others say anyway.

The youngest is a thirteen year old kid who says he gets a thrill out of collecting remarks, but basically he asserts he is a vendor of the paper because of the money. He gets his grief vending it from Establishment heavies who tell him that he shouldn't be in this country, that he will grow up to live in a communist labor camp, that the newpaper he sells is trash. . .dirty filth and Printed In Russia. Drunks tear up copies and then run away if he sells near the liquor board after they've told him of the Evils Of His Ways, but GREASE are the worst kind to run into because they wait till after dark to attack so he can't identify them to the police. (Grease is the new variant in the vernacular for criminal type.) He even, he says, sells the odd copy to cops. They don't give him any trouble at all, but the security police for the shopping plaza evict him on sight, even if he isn't vending.

Two brothers, aged fourteen and sixteen are also fellow vendors (they prefer to call themselves this) and make up half the regulars in Saskatoon, several other boys are intermittent at it, perhaps as many as half a dozen, but all told they sell from three to four hundred copies, usually tho' the cold weather will make a drop in sales. On a good day when the ink on the Straight pages looks good to the passersby, they sell perhaps fifty of the total in an hour. These two also claim they are doing it for the bread, but also because they think it is important to get the other side of the story to people, in this one newspaper town. To listen to them talk about pollution and price monopolies by big supermarket chains indicates some of their education comes from the paper they sell and their insights into the reasons for establishment behavior are oddly sophisticated comments on sociology, gained on a windy streetcorner. Ask 'em about why people buy the paper and they tell you a lot do just to get a cheap thrill out of the want ads on the back, others because it IS the Straight, they happen to wear their hair long, and they see trouble brewing and sides being taken and they want to know what THEIR side is doing. The boys say they've never had any serious hassles, except once a NARC, otherwise known as The Man, picked them up and said things like he wished he wasn't in Uniform. . .but right now he was more interested in the Straight as A Possible Instrument of the F.L.Q.. . . and if it turned out that it was, well he'd know where to find them. . .and at this point the boys discussed PIGS with some feeling. They added that most cops were neither for nor against them, but the hostility factor on the street corner was high as far as "the average john" establishment type was concerned.

Tomorrow, sometime in the early afternoon, they'll be out collecting comments, insights and quarters, again selling YOUR paper People. Keep a brotherly eye out for them, won't you?

Goodbye already,
Rae Sabraw
Saskatoon, Sask.

Letters to the Straight

BUSH FREAK INSULTS YIPPIES

I'm a refugee from the cities – I live in the open country that is still abundant in B.C. and all over with my own survival at a very basic level. To keep from freezing I must cut fuel wood to heat my cabin. To eat I must grow, buy, earn my own food. And I do so through hard labor in a placer mining operation. I live by myself, four miles from my nearest neighbor – and my only means of transportation are my two feet. cover to cover and thank "Ra" that I am where I am and live as I do.

At one time my mouth was full of the rhetoric of revolution. I worked in the states through S.D.S. with the Panthers, the Brown Berets and the T.W.L.F. I spoke at numerous rallies where I yelled and screamed and flaunted the useless "yippie" type foolishness that so corrupts the revolutionary movement today.

Now I'm sufficiently "bush" oriented to be able to view my past activities, and the current stupidity of the city from a more detached vantage point.

I can see the social inevitability of revolution and at the same time I see the frantic mania of "citied" heads who actually believe that they can cause that revolution. I see the "city freaks" proclaiming the absurdities of an unreal world.

I see 1/2 hearted revolutionary "band wagoners" who easily proclaim a revolutionary commitment with no understanding whatsoever of the implications and responsibilities of that stand.

Those who would trouble to read Marx, Lenin and Mao would perhaps gain, for one, an understanding of the forces of evolution on social and economic history, two; the power, nature and VULNERABILITY of capitalism's seemingly invulnerable bastion.

Perhaps someone will finally realize that the "masses" support the HAND THAT FEEDS THEM – and that no struggle is ever ideological, but rather for survival.

Hence, we can approach the question of an issue – a cause – a mast head for revolution. There are no other issues as pressing and potentially effective as "ecology".

Environmental pollution IS and is daily becoming a stronger threat to human survival – and everyone's survival. You can't escape "environmental pollution" by moving to a middle class suburb – as you can avoid intimate contact with racism. The time is coming when the middle class world will see the food on their tables become poisoned by those they have respected as the authorities of their existance, i.e. the "monopoly capitalistic establishment". And when that happens – there will be a REAL need for revolutionaries to guide that survival oriented rebellion.

And don't be foolish enough to think the establishment can end pollution. The Eco-crisis is a product of the primary assumptions of capitalism and an end to pollution could not be the product of capitalist society. In short the masses are offered the choice of extinction in the hands of capitalism, or survival in the hands of something else. The character of that "something else" is up to us.

Unfortunately our main obstacle, at this point, is the class structure which plagues our society. As Mao proclaims, "In a class society, every action, every word, and every deed is branded with the stamp of a particular class."

Examples of this can be easily detected in Yippie type insanity, useless, absurd activities such as the Yippie march in support of their Vancouver mayorality candidate and the article which rendered support for this insult to the oppressed masses, found in the Nov. 4-11 issue of the Straight. Of course activities such as this can be dismissed as the useless product of the "petit bourgoise". Real revolutionaries are preparing for leadership of the inevitable revolution. Of course this is an unpopular action. It's much more fun and outrageous to yell, "Fuck the system" than to burn the midnight oil over mostly difficult chapters of Marx, Lenin, Hegel, Mao, Che, Debois, etc. There are many who say such concerted study is also useless. I can only reply by pointing to the leadership of revolutionary movements who have or did spend the majority of their lives burning said midnight oil: Lenin, Mao, Ho, Che, Fidel, Raul, Cleaver, and the list goes on.

It becomes a rather simple question. Do you engage in USELESS insults to the integrity of serious revolutionary activity in the world? Or do you commit yourselves to revolution wholeheartedly? The answer is up to you.

Yours in life,
Wally Raymond

continued next page

LETTERS

GENUINE HATE

Wow! What a load of shit! You and the FLQ. So you "support their struggle". So what the fuck! It's as obvious as your "put-on" underground facade that you haven't any idea of what the scene in Quebec is about, or where it came from, and you cover up with Marxist mouthings.

Why don't you get where it's at? Don Horton, U. of Waterloo is one of Canada's experts . . . Anglais on the French-Canadian fact. Try his papers on for size.

Better yet, put your action where your loud yapper is and publish a page or two in French, for the 25,000 or so French-speaking population in the lower mainland.

Or else admit your concern is a put on, as it is.

And just between you and me, Mr. big-time editor, your goddamn rag has slipped into being a crypto-bourgeois sheet. Shit!

Up the establishment. Yours in genuine hate and real anguish.

Paul Wolf.

(Ed. note: If ours is genuine, then what is yours?)

YRP NEEDS PEOPLE

People!

Something real has finally happened for the youth of Edmonton! That something is Youth Radio Productions (YRP). We are a group of people ranging in age from 15 to 17 who, because we were disgusted with the garbage on the radio stations, decided to infiltrate and change them. Success has been ours! We now have several interview and variety shows: "YOU" every Saturday at 5:00 pm on CKUA, "YOUTH MAGAZINE" every Sunday at 9:30 am on CFRN, and "YOUTH'S VIEW" on CJCA. This makes us unique in that we are Canada's only youth organized Multi-media Peoples Programming and Product Organization.

As well as radio shows we have several members who write for the Edmonton Free Press and we are in the process of producing two films which will be sponsored by the Canadian Mental Health Assoc. We are also going to have shortwave radio broadcasts in the not-too-distant future.

Our now fair-sized group started out as six guys and one chick; we now are sixteen guys and chicks strong. What started out as a small non-profit organization is not only growing, growing, growing! but is also getting twenty dollars a month from CKUA.

We still need more people and any donations will not be turned down. If you wish to join us, give us news articles, or donations, phone us at 424-3836.

With a little help from our friends:
YRP: Norm, Eugene, Eric, Bruce, Jack
Maurice, Les, Bob, Linda, Bob,
Debbie, Joan, Debbie, Suzie, Don,
Garry, and Beth.

P.S. YRP desperately needs a turntable, a taperecorder (preferably reel-to-reel), and speakers.

TARANTULAMENT

Rather have you print WRITING SUPPLEMENTS than Dylan's spider.

love,
YORK STREET COMMUNE

(Ed. note: So would Bob Dylan.)

WASTED WORSHIP

While on my evening walk tonight, I began to notice a preponderance of dark patches, large ones, on almost every block. These consisted in part, of closed schools, but to a great extent they were locked, empty "houses of the lord", churches.

As I am sure the editors of the G.S. are aware, the waste of products and the misuse of the land and air are not the only forms of pollution; there exist more subtle kinds. The waste of these facilities, I consider to be one of these.

Being interested in making use of one of these buildings myself, (I wanted to use a piano) I inquired at several of them as to the possibilities of my doing so. I received responses from, "You can rent the basement", to, "The cleaning staff wouldn't like it."

Some of these places are only open one day a week and I'm sure that the space could be put to many more uses than one person could imagine; however, a few suggestions – Vancouver Free U. classes, practice halls for bands, stage facilities for theatre groups, places for any sort of speaker to speak, poetry groups, a practical place where a lot of people can get together for any reason.

W.P. Taws

more letters to the right

FEARMAN photo

...one good rip-off deserves another...

DON'T GET YOUR HEAD RIPPED OFF

by P.D. SPEERS

The headless statue of Gassy Jack is beautiful. I love it. He stands as a monument to he true nature of Gastown. The HEADS have been ripped off! Gassy Jack is alone only because he still inhabits the street. He didn't have sense enough to split like most of us have done. So now, poor man, he remains without a head to get together or a HEAD to get together with. (Ed. note: Since this was written, the head has been found, replaced, and ripped off again!)

Freeks are scarce enough to be counted on the fingers of one hand and bums, our predecessors, seem foreign to their own territory.

It looked at one time like Gastown was becoming Vancouver's first Village-type scene. The place was swarming with every character alive, working and living together with a loose communal attitude towards each other. The few rip-offs were known to us all and thereby controlled. Freek labourers and rubbies were on good terms treating each other pretty much like human beings. Then something happened. Bus loads of little old ladies in rain caps and hordes of school children began to arrive. Tourists invaded our streets! At first it was fun, we'd go out onto the street in search of some imaginary tool just to pass through the crowd and blow minds.

Humor is a natural resource and ours became depleted. We got uptight. Fights broke out in the now crowded bars. We got more uptight. There was no more control from within. The work ended and we left, taking with us the life of Gastown. I wonder what we learned?

We were all previously aware that anything as organic as a new culture must, if to survive in a city environment, continually disperse and relocate. But why mark the pattern of change by disease contracted from without?! If a scene is to dissolve let it be the result of an inner need rather than manipulation from without.

Perhaps this is what is new. Perhaps this is what we've learned: To conbat outside control by an internal togetherness. Gassy Jack is our reminder.

It's all in your head.
Don't get it ripped off.

LETTERS

ARMY HUMOUR

Dear G.S.;

This information is a little late in sending (time flies over here whilst travelling), but you still may be amused in reading the following parodies of two well known nursery rhymes.

They were presented this past summer over the American Forces Radio Network in Germany which serves their troops stationed in this country as part of the Nato forces. One needs no further explanation into the reasons why such announcements are deemed necessary and hence presented on this particular network.

In order to capture the full manner in which they were presented, repeat the words in a slow, da-da, da-da, da-da- delivery, with the last line carrying a hideous and sinister sounding tone. The rest bespeaks itself.

Hickory, dickory, dock.
So you've bought a bag of pot.
And the HEAD WHO YOU TRUSTED,
Has gotten YOU BUSTED
And now look what you've got.
Five long years.
Heh, heh, hah, hah, hah,

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on her tuffet,
Smoking a joint of pot
Along came a narc spider,
And sat down beside her,
And now do you know what she's got?
Five long years.
Heh, heh, hah, hah, hah.

Cliff

NEW YEARS REVOLUTION

A group of us were talking over what we thought would be a good blow for the revolution and this is what we thought:

We are going to send you and the two radio stations that we think might go for the idea, the same proposal.

If every person that does dope appears at the police stations and court houses all over the province on January first and does the dope of his choice and demands to be thrown in jail like his brothers that constantly find themselves hassled by the horsemen and thrown in-that's what we all want-justice for all. If this was successful on New Year's Day with a promise to do it again on each national holiday and maybe a few other days, if they get too heavy Trudeau would have all the support he seems to be losing on the dope issue and would have to change the laws to conform with the conduct of the people of the country.

We're sure you've heard of this before because everybody seems to be talking about it – so let's get it on. If it's not done this time with your support it will be done on Easter Monday without it.

The People.

P.S. It's time for all good men to come to the aid of the party.

SIMPLE SALUTE

Gotta million things to say to all your beautiful STAFF, but to be frank and directly to the point I'll break it all down to just simple CONTINUED SUCCESS, LOTSA LUV, & RIGHT ON!

Ron Hisco

GOODBYE TO ALL LITTLE SOLDIERS

by JACK MASSEY

Say "good-bye" to all little soldiers
Leave only a sentry on guard
Put all your toys back in the card-box
It's safer to play in the yard.

Who wants you to be a soldier,
A sailor, fly a bombing plane?
Who wants to live like a rat in a trench
Because a world has gone insane?

Say "good-bye" to all little soldiers
They are symbols of hate and pain
For the subtle schemes of evil men
Like their medals will soon be in vain.

LETTUCE BOYCOTTERS NEED A HOUSE!!!
if you can help, or want to know about the boycott, phone Bob McLaren at 327-2524 or visit Lettuce Office at Grandview United Church, 1895 Venables.

Dr. Sadia
THE CELEBRATED CLAIRVOYANTE
TAROT SPECIALIST
Palmistry
816 ROBSON ST.,

LOOK . . . MAIL $2.00 FOR . . .
100 LONESOME GIRLS!
names, addresses; Leola
P.O. Box 3995,
Vancouver 9, Canada

SINCLAIR IN SOLITARY

Chairman John Sinclair of the White Panther Party, has been thrown into an indefinite period of solitary confinement at Jackson State Prison where he is serving a 9 1/2-10 year sentence for passing two marijuana roaches to an underground pig at a concert.

Sinclair has also had all his legal papers, books, typewriter, and personal papers taken away because he was "convicted" in a kangeroo prison court of typing "subversive and inflammatory" material on his typewriter for other less articulate prison inmates. The specific charge was that he had typed out the ten point program of the Black Panther Party and the Rules of the party for a black inmate. The material in question had previously been passed by the prison censors and John was merely retyping one of several copies, available in the prison, which was becoming illegible from over-use.

The main reason for the solitary confinement is that the prison officials are scared shitless of the rising political consciousness of the prisoners (especially black) and the break-down of strict racial segregation and racism promoted by the guards. The officials are so racist themselves they feel that Sinclair is the only inmate capable of fermenting unrest at the prison because the black prisoners aren't smart enough to do it themselves.

Although John has helped many prisoners with their legal briefs, presentations, etc. he has done no agitating. On November 16 when 85% of the inmates of Jackson State went on strike for a minimum wage of $1 per day he heard about it on the prison radio. In spite of this he was fingered as one of the ring-leaders behind the strike. Similarly, when John was at Marquette Prison and a number of black inmates organized an educational society which demanded that a Black Studies course be added to the prison curriculum, he had nothing to do with it. However, when this demand was interpreted by the prison authorities as a "planned effort to disrupt Marquette Branch Prison" John Sinclair was accused and convicted of being the brains behind the disruption and thrown into the hole along with 10 black inmates. Please note that no evidence is needed to obtain a "conviction," just the "opinion" of lying guards; there is no defense council, just a lying guard for an "advocate"; and there is no appeal, the sentence of the prison board is final. Part of the "evidence" which "convicted" Sinclair was the "opinion" that he is an intelligent and well-educated man; thus it follows in the twisted racist heads of the pigs that it must have been he who organized the blacks around "educational" demands.

Sinclair says of his unsolicited prison notoriety, "It's quite an honor, and I only dream of being so effective someday, but it's a blatant LIE, as usual."

The prison pigs can't accept the revolutionary times they are living in and the fact that the insane prison system just raises and compounds the political consciousness of the inmates; therefore the pigs must resort to the "lone troublemaker duping the masses" theory to justify their own inhuman oppression of the people.

Uprisings have occurred in prisons across Canada, including local Vancouver penal colonies, but are conveniently left out of the establishment news media. Red power advocate Claire Dennis is still in solitary confinement for organizing a mass protest against inhuman conditions in the B.C. Penitentiary early this fall. Any of Claire Dennis' friends, relatives, or contacts are asked to get in touch with Alice Too at the Straight—688-3686.

ALL POWER TO THE PRISONERS WHO STRUGGLE AND FIGHT THE REAL ENEMY. FREE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS.

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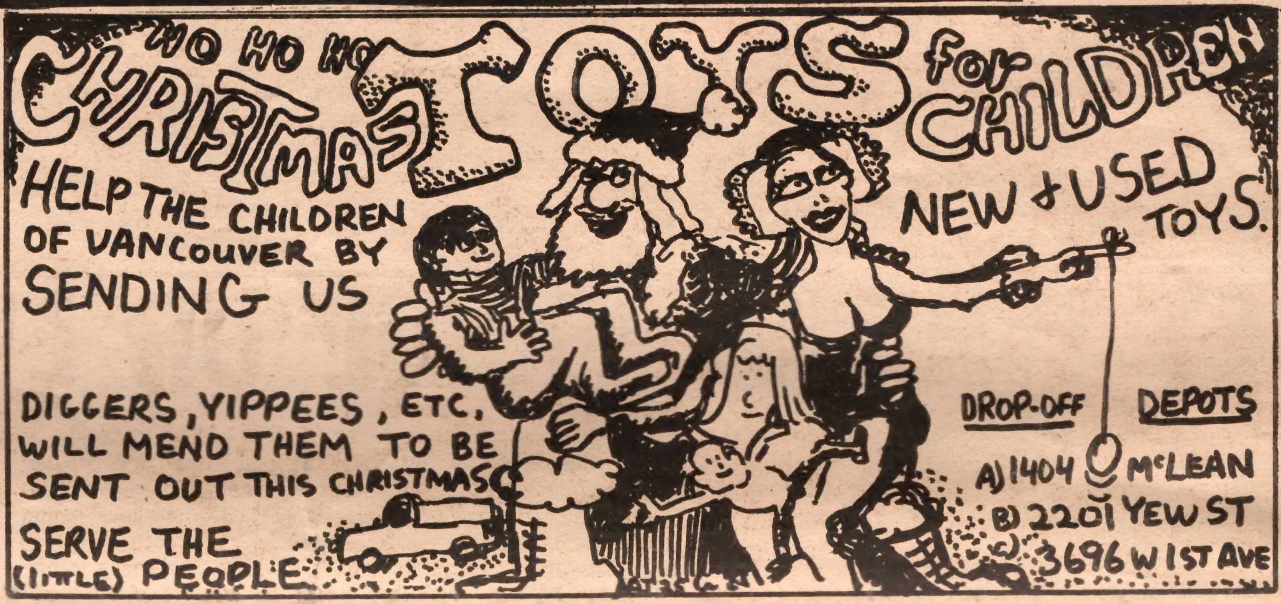
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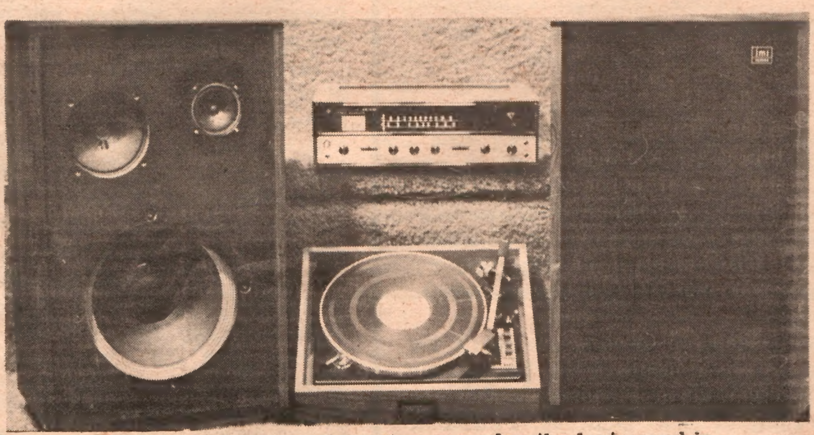

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THE WHITE LUNCH: "Western Canada's lousiest floor show!"

Q.Q. WRITES . . . . PAGE 69

G.L.F. . . . .

Is happening here in Vancouver! The address is 509 Carrall Street (upstairs and to your left). The Vancouver Gay Liberation Front holds weekly meetings on Sundays at 7:30 p.m.

The G.L.F.-sponsored, drop-in centre/coffee house is open every Friday at this same address from 6:00 p.m. til whenever you go home. The first night they were open, the 11th, they entertained and were entertained by between 30 and 40 people. There is good music, free coffee and a place to rap and get your (and maybe a few other) head together. That's all. But that's everything a lot of other places don't offer.

* * * *

THE CLUBS. . . .

Are happening too. At least some of them are. B.J.'s is certainly happening. The show looks better every night and Deedee promises a smash bang effort for Xmas and New Years. . .Champagne Charlie's is stop and go. The atmosphere is still go. The 'take your shoes off and let's all have a good time' feeling is still go. The show is stop. Someone should tell them that publicly pressed sour grapes make bitter wine.

The Folklore Centre
Musical Instruments and Supplies
Guitar and Banjo Lessons
Our Own Handmade Dulcimores $25 and Up
2227 McAllister Avenue, Port Coq. 941-2333

And where does Jamie Stevens get off doing an impersonation of Charity doing an impersonation. She was cute and funny two weeks ago in her 'The Man in the Moon is a Lady' number. But now it's tacky, tacky, tacky! To coin a phrase 'You've come a long way from the White Lunch but baby, you've got a long way to go! (Which is tacky). . .Charles III is very go with the doors open Sunday from 2 am to midnight for festive season minded gays. And the B & B I hear will be open Xmas day for those who have no place to go to catch the Christmas spirit. There could be a few unexpected extras.

* * * *

Your friend and mine, Lady Wentworth Brown, was detained overnight by police last week. The charge had nothing to do with Jackie being a homosexual or her career as a drag queen. But she was in drag when arrested and in drag she remained. Despite numerous and frantic requests no one saw fit to provide Jackie with a pair of overalls except while she was in the line-up. Presumably she was expected to appear in court the next morning in a dress, no bra, no stockings, no shoes and no wig. I took her a pair of slacks and a shirt.

During a night spent in a cell with 9 drunken whatevers, Jackie was the subject of several obscene overtures, the ball in a game of 9 man catch, and told that she was going to be gang-banged. The sergeant on duty was unimpressed when I told him how unimpressed I was.

When I spoke to Jackie in the jail she was a nervous crying wreck.

Man's inhumanity to man.

End of story.

* * * *

Next week, an item on two outfits, one local and one not, which may be doing a roaring but rip-off business in the gay-dial-a-date racket. And we all have our thoughts on what might be behind that!

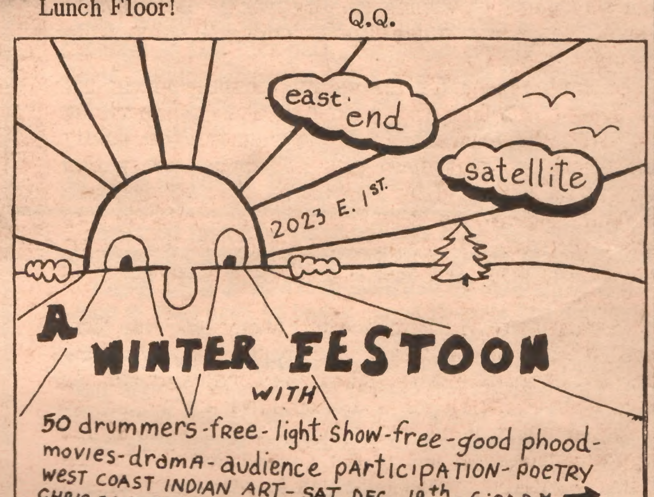
* * * *

From the lips of Victor by the Chez of the same name came "La Porte est morte, Vive La Fenetre!"

* * * *

'Til next week, yours as ever, bleeding on the White Lunch Floor!

Q.Q.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CHRIS DAHL EXHIBITION

LET WHIMSY GUIDE UR EVERY ACTION

SHOP-IN ON THE SPECTACULAR COMMODITY ECONOMY – DECEMBER 23
AN ENVIRONMENTAL LEARN-IN TURN-ON

The following is an official press release from Vancouver's UNDERGROUND ESTABLISHMENT

Can you imagine a hundred reformed peace creeps, freeks, and yippie!s tasting, testing, and trying out the delights of the businessman's middleclass Christmas starting at 6:30 pm Wednesday, Dec. 23 in the big bold Hudson's Bay Co. downtown store?

Well it's going to happen. Dozens and dozens of freeks and families rediscovering their childhood, the joys of the middleclass consumer culture, and the millions of plastic fantastic commodities that Uncle Tom Campbell, our spiritual leader, was protecting this summer.

Give in to the sublimated hypes and smooth come-ons of the commodity hucksters, face reality wayward hippies! Let whimsy guide our every action as we sail like infant ships through the wonderland of insecurity, fear, and desire – item after item, aisle after aisle, floor upon floor of things catering to the alienation and emptiness of the masses. Let us gather together to uncover our true heritage in the temples of the SPECTACULAR COMMODITY ECONOMY.

The Yippie!s have even promised to mend their foolish ways. They have realized the poverty of their "rhetorical slogan" PROPERTY IS THEFT and have come to embrace the more practical businessman's definition of THEFT IS PROPERTY.

"Right on, Yippie!s" yell Bay executives after 300 bold years of stealing the people's land, starving Indians, fleecing young craftsmen, cheating its employees and exploiting women for fun and profit.

"Right on!! Yippie!s" echoes Walker-Eaton as they steam back to Toronto on the Rip-off Express (for haircuts no doubt).

"Hot-diggity," claim the Yippie!s, "Our public image has perked right up since we decided to work within the system, and environmental LEARN-INS have made it all possible."

Oh yes, speaking of Eaton's "Where Christmas is for People", they certainly won't be left out of the festivities as all the commodity culture freeks will arrive en masse at Eaton's "People's" store to spread the joyful wealth of Christmas about and to ensure that it is truly "for the people" shortly after 8:00 pm. A good time is guaranteed for all who shed the "gloominess" of their past radical "hippy" tendencies and join in on the playful fantasy/reality of 99 and 44/100% of THE PEOPLE.

On Wednesday, December 23, we lovers of freedom are going to investigate the phenomenon of the SPECTACULAR CONSUMER ECONOMY that manifests itself so radiantly during the Yule Season. We intend to find the true Christian happiness which is the basis of our society.

The itinerary is this: About 6:30 we will arrive on the main floor of the Bay's downtown mecca for general orientation. Remember, this is a learn-in so no one will be teaching or telling you what to do. During orientation you might say high to your brothers and sisters, giggle, goggle, sample candies, or follow around the pleasant babysitters the Bay will surely provide for our convenience. It is important that we remain courteous to the thousands of our middleclass friends who have been participating in the commodity culture for years. Engage them in conversations rather than confrontations, we have much to learn from them.

After orientation, Toyland is the next stop at about 7:00 or so, model airplanes, Santa Claus, children, etc.

From Toyland we move on to the various workshops: We intend like all smart consumers to inspect and detect the products which have been accused of being substandard, useless, misrepresented, and made in fascist countries like South Africa, Spain, Greece and the U.S. We will undertake this consumer report with fervor, no product will escape the perceptive eye.

We will find out what makes the cosmetic counter tick, the truth behind the rumour of the morphidite dolls, the speed and manoeuverability of various bicycles, target practice in the gun shop, people's carpentry in the tool menagerie, the vibrancy of paints and crayons, the dexterity and quickness of the various clerks as we buy BUY BYE!

From the workshops we will reconvene on the main floor of Eaton's shortly after 8:00 to discuss the evening's discoveries.

We intend to make this an evening of spontaneity lending the lie to the hippy myth that the establishment is stogey and boring. We believe there is much truth to the old adage that idle fingers make idle minds – therefore we will see that no fingers are idle.

The evening will be what each person makes of it. All power to the Imagination.

Caution: There may be those infiltrators (still infested with the poison of the hippy culture) who would conspire to ruin the orgy of Christmas profits for the Bay's hard working management on this biggest business day of the year. They may resort to odorous devices. Luckily the chances of professional agitators taking the time for such low-down sneakery is an outside proposition.

See you Wednesday, December 23, for the first annual shop-in learn-in turn-on starting at 6:30 pm on the main floor of the Bay.

SPECTACULAR COMMODITY — ECONOMY

SHOP-IN AT EATIN'S

Your Merry Christmas Store

and the Buy

LEARN-IN -- TURN-ON

Orientation--6:29p.m. Main Floor Bay

Toyland--7:00p.m.--Santa

Workshops--till 8:00p.m. then on to Eatin's

ALL POWER TO THE IMAGINATION!!

"I'm a liberal. I don't mind an honest protest," struts well turned out Gastown Vamp. "I couldn't give a damn if they want to sit in the Bay till it comes down. It should keep 'em from ripping me off."

at Eaton's
Christmas is for People

... so all powah to da peepul... Yippee

WED. DEC. 23, 6:29 at the Bay

GAMES OVER

by TONY TUGWELL

The troops in Montreal aren't getting the sort of sympathy and support the government expected.

But they are trying hard. You hear them saying, "Bonjour Mademoiselle, Bonjour Messieur," in the few words of French that many of them have learned. And they look ridiculous, machine guns dangling as they help little old ladies across the road.

They also look ridiculous standing in the snow on the main streets with green leaves sticking out of their helmets, in order to camouflage them.

Often when a soldier was trying to be nice he'd get back a terse, "fuck you."

Because of this, and because of the waiting around in the cold with nothing to do, the soldiers morale was really low, Daniel Latouche, lecturer in French studies at McGill, said in Vancouver last month.

Latouche, a former vice-president of the Union General des Etudiants de Quebec, also said that he wouldn't be surprised if there was a pre-arranged popular manifestation of support for the army in the next few weeks.

The army occupation was a testing of mobility and communication. A military exercise.

"There was no reason even in their fucked up logic to fly in 1,000 paratroopers from Edmonton," he said.

Latouche also said that the army was sent because there was "a strong possibility the separatists would be called in to form a coalition government. "PQ leader Levesque had already been asked by Bourassa to nominate 3 men for the cabinet.

Overnight things had changed in Quebec, Latouche said. Left wing politics had ceased to be a game of cops and robbers. There was a need to use terms like fascist precisely. In a climate of repression, words were no longer used loosely.

For the first two weeks of the WMA there was tremendous confusion in Quebec. No one said anything publicly, Latouche said.

Now people were starting to speak and act, however. FLQ members' escapes have given them the status of romantic outlaws, Latouche said.

Latouche, who is a member of defense committee to aid political prisoners, said it would be really difficult to defend people who had been arrested.

At first, under the War Measures Act, you were guilty until proven innocent. But that is easier than the new legislation.

Now, Latouche said, you have to prove that you are no longer a member of the FLQ.

In the one trial so far, one youth got a 15-month sentence because he said he supported the FLQ. There was no debate about whether he was actually a member of the FLQ. His arrest was considered sufficient proof.

"How do you prove you are no longer a member of an organization, if you never were," Latouche asked.

And "How do you prove you quit an organization which never existed?"

The cops have been looking for an FLQ membership list. "They think the FLQ has a president, secretary and membership cards," Latouche said. I open this second annual FLQ meeting, would the secretary please read the minutes.

Instead the FLQ is a flag. "When the flag is down, someone else picks it up and does something in its name."

At first it had appeared that the FLQ was well organized. Now it just looks like the police were very dumb.

And the calling in of the army may have made it more difficult to catch the FLQ. The Montreal police looked on the army as scabs, Latouch said. The army had been called in last year when the police were on strike. So the cops would often not give the army information, or give them incorrect information.

Latouche said it might be very difficult to find defense lawyers. They feared they might end up like Robert Lemieux.

Robert Demers, the government's lawyer, talked Lemieux into negotiating in the name of the FLQ, Latouche said. At first Lemieux had refused.

Now the government had turned around and said that because Lemieux had been a negotiator, he was a spokesman for the FLQ and arrested him as an FLQ member. A lawyer defending a client arrested under the WMA could be put in the same position.

Latouche said he had learned several things travelling across Canada for the Quebec Civil Liberties Defense Committee. All were disappointing.

"Things have not changed much with English Canadian radicals. You still have to justify to them the socialist credentials of the nationalist revolution in Quebec."

And also he had found that the stereotype of English Canadians being terribly concerned about civil liberties was quite false.

In his tour across Canada, Latouche said he had only been able to raise about $50 for the defense fund.

HIP pocrates

by

EUGENE SCHOENFELD, M.D.

Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates:

I was remembering the old trick of using a shaken-up Coke as a douche in order not to get pregnant. Is there any truth to this?

ANSWER: Douching is a most unreliable way of preventing pregnancy. Birth control is not among the things that go better with Coke.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

My husband is a practicing physician in Nakusp, British Columbia. He originally was working with another doctor who unfortunately had surgery one month ago and passed on. So we're looking for another doctor to share the load.

About Nakusp. Good people – about 2,000 of them (not counting the outlying areas), friendly – turned-on-the-air is sweet. Mountains surround us (topped with snow now) and the Upper Arrow Lake borders us. The pace is slow . . . as it should be.

This is an ideal situation, by the way, to avoid any draft hassles. He/she only has to have completed his/her internship. Canadian medical boards come up in the spring but a physician could practice until then and have extensions provided if the tests were not passed. Eventually what we'd like to set up is two doctors on and one off, so it's not a position to get rich by but to enjoy life by.

Please help keep an eye out for us. Or let us know where to look. If you have any prospects or have any questions, please contact:

Dr. James Game
Box 53
Nakusp, B.C.
(604) 265-3692

Dear Dr. Hip:

About the very fashionable, impractical, expensive, pain-in-the-ass wire frame glasses. I've decided I had best make my friends hip to something an optometrist put on my head today.

Dig – if it is round don't just reach for the lens and click it in the frame after the 25th time it has fallen out. If the lenses are round they have to be placed in the frame a certain way according to your prescription– otherwise you could damage your eyes correcting your vision incorrectly. There is a way the lens can be marked so you'll know the right way. I imagine many have done as I, that is go to an optician, without consulting an optometrist.

NOTE: Ophthalmologists are physicians who specialize in the health and disease of eyes. Optometrists test eyes for visual acuity. Both ophthalmologists and optometrists can prescribe for eye glasses and contact lenses. Opticians make lenses and fit them to eye glass frames.

Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates:

Is it possible that one's brain could be damaged by a bad trip on L.S.D.? If so, what can be done about this?

Since the bad trip about a month ago, I feel strange and just on the verge of tripping most of the time. Objects appear to be deformed and different from what I remember them to be before the bad trip. This frightens me and keeps me continually nervous and on edge.

I don't have the money to go to a doctor or psychiatrist, so what can I do?

ANSWER: You may be eligible for free medical care through your local welfare department. Call them to find out. There's also a Free Clinic in your city which treats drug problems similar to the one you describe.

Pure LSD is not known to cause brain damage but when buying drugs on the street you can't be certain of the drug you're getting.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

We're thinking of buying a waterbed. Tried lying on one and it was fantastic! But how about love-making? Possible? Good? Great?

ANSWER: Waterbed dealers report the prime motivation for buying the beds is for sensual pleasure. The December 10th issue of ROLLING STONE contains an article about waterbeds in which my secretary says, "I really dig the water bed. Man, it's so good for your sexual health. What I like is the bouncing movements you can get . . . I'd recommend it for women who have trouble having orgasms."

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your letters. Write to him at 2010 7th Street, Berkeley, Calif. 94710.

DEAR DR. HIP POCRATES is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press at $.95 paperbound.

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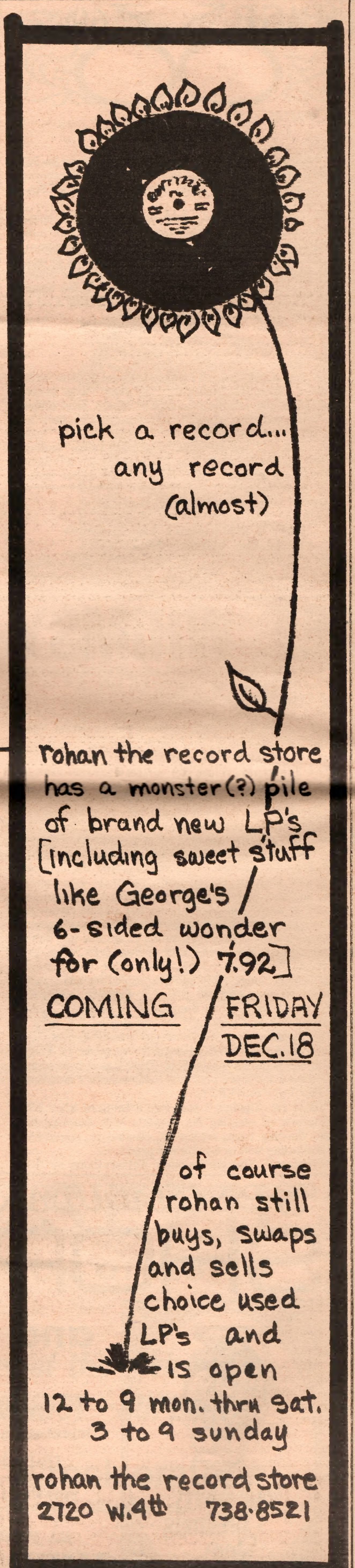

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pity the poor immigrant

by PETER BURTON

Consider the situation of someone from the U.S.A. who resides in Canada. In most cases he or she probably has legal problems in the States – desertion, draft evasion, etc. – or came to Canada because it looked like the American dream rather than the American nightmare.

But Canada does not fulfill that hope. Unemployment is high, and there is some resentment from Canadians against those who might take one of the few jobs. In addition U.S. owned firms, which dominate the Canadian economy, generally discriminate against American refugees.

The American deserter or draft dodger, who is seldom a political activist, has also become one of the major scapegoats for people in power in Canada. If they can focus the discontents of people upon an innocent minority they will not have to deal with the real problems that arise. Tom Campbell is a good example.

And while our politicians congratulate themselves for providing a sanctuary from militarism, their police forces harass the refugees and the courts discriminate against them. In Vancouver, as part of the general anti-youth tactic, American cars are stopped without motive and are required to submit to searches and interrogation.

These actions on the part of the authorities in this country are nothing new. A recent article in AMEX, a magazine of American expatriates in Canada, documents some of the history of this particular form of repression.

The federal police force is now completely integrated with the F.B.I.'s computerized 'information and retrieval centre'. This extreme case of total continental integration gives the RCMP quick access to information which has no legal relevance in Canada. For example, an immigrant's draft status. As their part of the deal the RCMP assist the FBI in keeping track of the whereabouts of deserters and dodgers, frequently questioning U.S. citizens with landed immigrant status, asking if they intend to return to the States and fulfill their 'obligation'. This data is then passed on to the US police for potential future use.

Also, there are several documented cases where the RCMP and/or the Immigration Department have been in collusion with the US in handing over deserters or draft dodgers, contrary to Canadian law. One of these – involving the illegal deportation of three deserters at Bridal Falls, B.C. on January 25, 1970 – resulted in a federal inquiry which decided that the police involved, though guilty, were 'blameless'.

But neither the role of the police or the courts in that instance was exceptional. In New Brunswick the RCMP passed on false information from the FBI about a draft dodger-teacher to the school board that had hired him. In another case a visitor to Canada, Michael Whalen, ended up in a U.S. federal prison due to the admitted collaboration between U.S. and Canadian Immigration departments.

A Toronto judge, one P. J. Bolsby, made a statement which reflects the general attitude of the judiciary towards American refugees. In a court case involving a member of the Toronto-American Deserters Committee he said that "the testimony of a U.S. Army Deserter is worthless because by deserting he had already violated the oath he took when sworn into the U.S. Army." This attitude effectually denies American deserters the rights accorded to Canadians and other immigrants.

If this weren't enough, there are proposed amendments to the Canadian Immigration Act which will make it more difficult for political refugees to come to this country. These changes are carried in a report compiled on behalf of the Immigration Dept. by a Toronto lawyer, Joseph Sedgewick. The government asked for the report as a response to some criticisms of its "liberal" policy which claimed that political agitators and unqualified applicants were using a generous Appeal Board to remain in Canada when they would otherwise be thrown out.

The document – which will probably be made law sometime in the new session – contains two major alterations of the present position. Sedgewick calls for a security review board which would examine the cases of people who had engaged in extra-parliamentary dissent in their home countries. This board would hold secret hearings and would be able to hear evidence that would not be allowed in the courts. This is necessary he says, "because those in charge of security cannot in most cases reveal, publicly, their information or its source." And the government, in the person of the Immigration Minister would have the final say on appeals against the security board's decision.

This proposal would have an extreme effect in the case of deserters, draft dodgers, and other political refugees from the U.S.A. The RCMP would be able to use evidence obtained through the continental information exchange with the States and the government would have the final decision. Sedgewick also suggests that final determination of who is a political refugee would be in the hands of the Minister – which would certaintly rule out any U.S. citizen.

The second major change would eliminate the right of appeal for applicants who applied for landed immigrant status while legally in Canada as visitors and were rejected. Under the present law they have the right of appeal. Because the appeal can take as much as a year, many people use the time to establish themselves and win the decision. Sedgewick would eliminate that right in this circumstance, providing only for a special inquiry by an immigration officer. If that were lost – and 99% are – then deportation would be swift.

Obviously this puts American refugees in a completely untenable position. Wanted in the U.S., they would be hesitant to risk exposing themselves to the Canadian authorities. Eventually they would soon violate their vistor's status, and risk deportation for some type of immigration offence.

The Canadian government will soon be in a position where it offers sanctuary, if you are employable, harmless, and quiet. Which is just slightly tighter than at present. If Canadians feel that political refugees should be allowed a haven they had better start working to create one now, not after the law is changed.

And to top it all off the American Movement views those who have gone to Canada as having softened themselves with a move that has little political significance. The Canadian left sees the American as a left or cultural imperialist if he is active and as insignificant if he isn't. Which leaves the exile somewhere in the middle.

Pity the poor immigrant.

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GET IT BREAD

One of the great drawbacks of having the Canadian power base located in the eastern sectors of this country is that the reaction of that area to the twentieth century is not dissimilar to the enthusiasm a drop of blackstrop molasses might have if it were given an ultimatum to roll across Granville St. at rush hour. Until circa 1964 there was no duller city in Canada than Toronto and, as I pointed out in this column last week, the aesthetic intelligence of the eastern regions has not advanced beyond a genuine appreciation of the novels of Nellie McClung. (And believe me, Nellie McClung is one of the giants of Canadian literature.)

But because Eastern Canada throughout half of this century has been stifled by the operative Family Compact mentality it is only in the last dozen years that it has begun to catch up and adjust to the century most other people of God's gray earth live in. In the meantime, of course, the financial wizards of Bay Street have been successful in exchanging Canadian political and economic sovereignty to the gluttons of America for the somewhat less than exalted position of being their scullery servants.

And now the 'bleeding hearts' are crying the blues about the sale of Ryerson Books to McGraw-Hill because it is a streamlined, wealthy American publisher. Well, let me tell you, I wouldn't have given a warped slug for Ryerson and the reason is that the publishing house was symptomatic of the oppressive eastern Canadian consciousness.

A couple of years back when I was working in a Toronto bookstore (yes indeed, can you imagine! The fabulous Engledink working as a menial book-clerk! No doubt you had me sized up as a rejected lover of Raquel Welch who had retreated to this column while he was patching up his ruptured heart.) Ryerson was the laughing stock of the Canadian publishing world.

Formed in the nineteenth century by a United Church minister, Egerton Ryerson, the press was designed to publish somewhat more illuminating literature than was seeping out of the Ontario Anglican Tory establishment. And for some time, Ryerson was successful in its vision. However, it forgot that times were changing and organizations, if they are to survive, must change as well.

So what happens is that in 1969, for instance, when Ryerson is about to release a new book which they feel might be successful on the commercial market, they decide to hold a little book launching party – a very common practice in the publishing world. They'll invite booksellers, booksalesmen, critics and what have you, just like all the other publishers. Except for one thing. Instead of serving booze – and lots of it– Ryerson would serve tea. The kind of tea you drink, not smoke.

Now book parties for the most part are attended by skeletons and other mountebanks but at least a guy can get good and drunk and make some scurrilous angry remarks. But who would want to go to a Ryerson party if there weren't even the chance of free booze. In other words nobody in recent times could ever muster much enthusiasm for pushing a Ryerson book.

But even further, Ryerson was unable to respond to the new possibilities of what a book may look like. And this draws us closer to home.

Sometime in the spring of 1969 Warren Tallman, a UBC professor who has worked incessantly in laying the groundwork for a healthy and germane literary development in Vancouver, was approached by Michael Gnarowski on behalf of Ryerson to write an account of the writing scene that blossomed here throughout the sixties. Tallman agreed and said that it would take him a few months to get at the project. Over the summer he gave the idea a lot of thought and hit upon the notion that the book should be something more than just a critical assessment of what had been done. What he wanted was something that had more range, a book that would give a better picture and along these lines, Tallman developed the plan of a book that would include a catalogue of who had been here, statements from the writers themselves, coupled with other documentation and then perhaps a small piece of writing by himself that would tie the whole thing together. Full of enthusiasm, he wrote Gnarowski of his plans, only to have them promptly shattered by Gnarowski's reply.

No, this was not what was wanted. Ryerson wants a book exactly one hundred and twenty three pages long which is substantially written from the critical viewpoint.

'All I could smell was the supermarket,' Warren told me, 'and I quickly withdrew.'

In discussions with Warren it is clear that Ryerson has missed out on the opportunity of publishing a rather unique book by attempting to impose restricting and conservative demands on people who simply will not accept those terms. Though there is no doubt the book would have limited appeal – primarily a literary audience – it certainly would have contributed to a more modern image for the Ryerson Press. But they failed with Tallman's book as they have failed with others in recent history and as a result they've gone broke and have been bought out by McGraw-Hill.

And there is no one to blame but Ryerson itself and the don't-rock-the-boat conservatism that dominates eastern Canadian thought and has been so responsible for making our country the sewer of America.

A POLICE CAREER IN RHODESIA

There's a place in the sun for you in Rhodesia! As a Patrol Officer in a healthy and sunny climate, the B.S.A. Police offers you variety, excitement, an outdoor life, excellent conditions of service and good prospects.

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You start on a salary between $1920 and $2080 Can. You could be a Superintendent earning $6480 Can. after 14 years. Your uniform, medical and dental attention are free. Sporting and recreational facilities are first-class. If you are single, between 18 and 30 years of age, physically fit and have successfully completed four years' secondary education, write to:

THE RECRUITING OFFICER,
[redacted]

Portrait of Engledink in the employ of Ian Smith's Rhodesian Mercenary Army moments before he skewered a horde of creepy crawley niggers.
credit: photo courtesy of Stuart Keate

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YOKO ONO / PLASTIC ONO BAND

PUKE EATE HAS AMNESIA IN RHODESIA... EAST PUTS 20th CENTURY IN SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX, SAYS ENGLEDINK

ENGLE O YAH SURE KEITH DAVEY

Last week the Vancouver Shuck was all ablush with itself over the nice words the Davey Commission had to say about it. 'A good, responsible, paper, etc.' Well, there's a lot of B.S. going down somewhere. Either the Davey Commission is putting us on or the Shuck, with its cheap little maidservant and moneygrubber Stu Keate, pulled the wool over the eyes of Senator Keith.

You might ask why. I'll tell you why.

In last Saturday's edition there appeared an ad with the head line: A POLICE CAREER IN RHODESIA. The ad goes on to tell of the glories of working under the racist regime of Ian Smith. It does not mention of course that among the duties involved are to keep the blacks in their place, as the colonialist saying goes.

I'm going to be mighty disappointed if the so-called 'progressive' reporters and what have you at the SHUCK don't start stirring up a bit of shit over the appearance of the ad. Not a bit, a lot. So much so that reporters will go out on strike until a formal apology appears addressed to all the black people who may live in Vancouver.

This sort of implicit endorsement of racist aparthied policies in Africa is not only irresponsibility at its very highest level but it is also a blatant and arrogant insult against those whose pigmentation is of a different coloration than Puke Eate's white, white flab.

YEAH, AND TO CARRY ON

The quoted salary for the above said job is as follows: 'You start on a salary between $1920 and $2080 Can. You could be a superintendent earning $6480 Can. after 14 years.'

Now if that's an annual salary then it's probably among the poorest paid police force in the world. And if that's a monthly salary then they're advertising not for policemen, but a mercenary army.

Get the message?

ENGLE HAVACAP

Drug dealers throughout the city are all agog at how they've been co-opted by that irrepresible #2 car rental company. Tilden has come out with a tasteless gimmick that has all the street dealers running to the lab to check out the purity of their wares.

What is this new weapon devised by Tilden that has the entire culture in a state of funk?

Waaaal, Tilden is handing out little red gelatin caps that have DOPE written on a piece of paper inside. When you pull the cap apart the paper unravels and gives off a long pitch about the merits of renting Tilden.

I wish the dolts up at Tilden an overdose of bad business.

HUM HUM

Over the upcoming fesitve season (no thanks to you, Phil Gaglardi) may I put in the suggestion that you take in the 'City Collects' exhibition at the Vancouver Art Gallery. Considering the budgets the gallery has had for expenditures in the last few years, I have to admit I was very impressed with the wide array of work the gallery has amassed.

Really, I don't think anyone wouldn't enjoy spending at least part of a rainy afternoon in the gallery having a look around.

PER PAN

Last Friday evening as I was scudding along Granville Street grooving on the Yankee gobs, the whores, the pimps, the hustlers and dealers, I was suddenly accosted by a frying pan. Taken aback a bit it took me a moment to realize that there was a man attached to the handle end of it. 'Got any change?' he asked, with a big smile on his face.

It was obvious he was panhandling. However, I was so taken with the ingenuity of his approach that I gave him double what I usually give.

After that I gave the fellow my usual lecture about how he should shape up and get himself a job. Of course, I didn't at all expect that his pan had double utility: he gave me a sound rapping on my noggin and left me bleeding on the street.

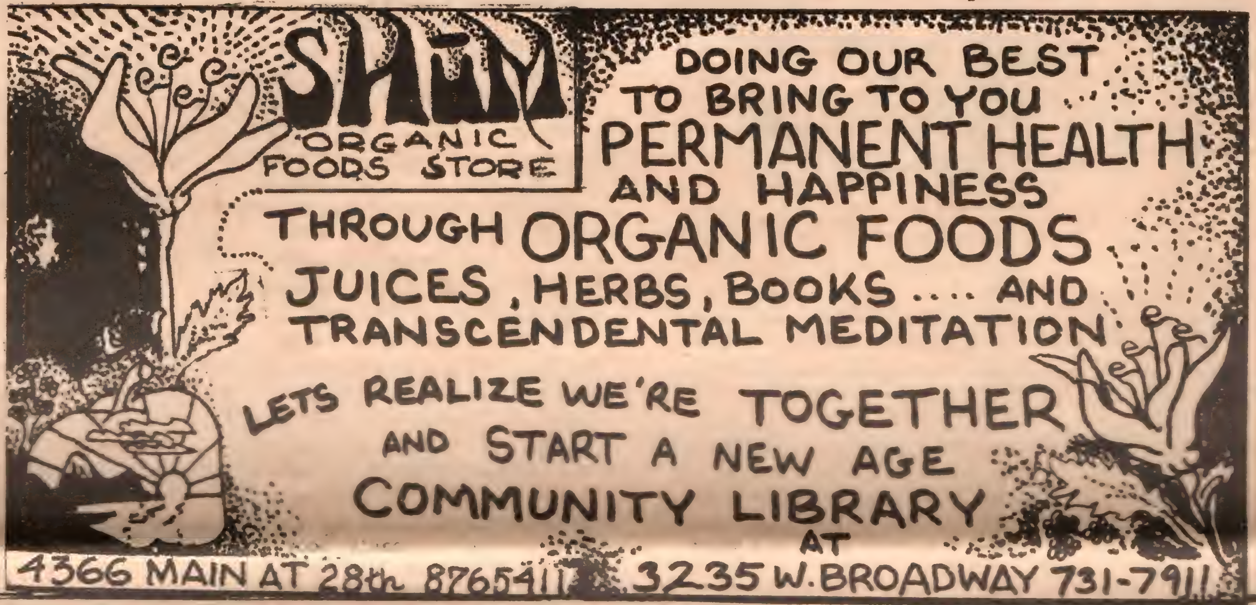
ENGLEBRINGSHIMSELF TO THE ENDHUMPER

As a result of that dastardly injury I've been losing a lot of blood as you've no doubt noticed. My doctor has ordered me onto a strict diet of beer and dope and I haven't had either all day. So I'm going to cut things off here while I still have time to crawl to the pub and take good care of my health.

I'd love to get some get well cards and I'd also like you to get letters or whatever to the sun about that Rhodesia ad.

yr buddy Engledink

Richard Nixon & Mao Tse Tung
are Capricorns



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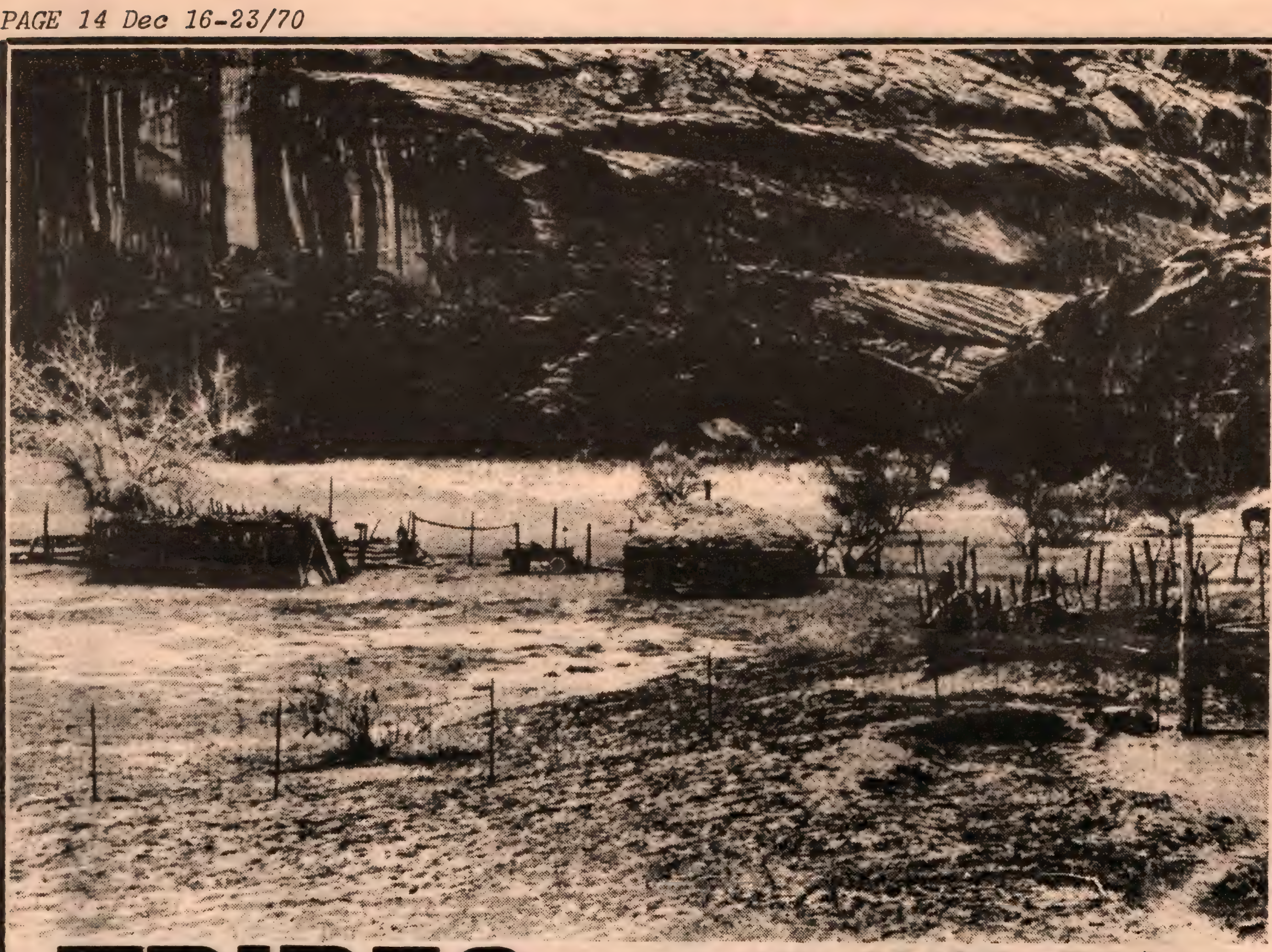

TRIBES

BY ALICE TOO

The most persistant fear of city dwellers considering rural communes as an alternate way of life is that they will not be able to survive the winter.

Perhaps Suzanne's description of this year's winter freeze-up in Northern B.C. will serve to dispel some of that fear and enable prospective communards to better prepare themselves to deal with the natural and inevitable progression of the seasons.

One of the many highlights of year-round bush living is that transitional point between fall and winter known as freeze-up. It can take days or weeks, but sometimes it happens all of a sudden. Then it is most exciting. This is how it happened this year, written as it happened:

So now winter is beginning. The beautiful peacefulness of the season will be arriving in the wake of this arctic front. We are gathered around the air tight and watching the temperature on the thermometer outside the window drop out of sight. Every once in a while someone dashes out in the cold, half dressed and shoeless, to watch the changes in the northern lights and listen to the sounds of the lake freezing up, and then runs back in when the blood starts to numb. The freezing of the lake is happening so suddenly that every few minutes it makes a sound like a shotgun blast. The creaks and yawns and groans and growls echo across the width and length of the lake and reverberate down the canyons and over the hills; you can hear for miles on a night like this.

You've got to see the northern lights like they are tonight to really believe that nature can put on the most spectacular light show of all. Sometimes they look like huge searchlights scanning the skys and always changing color. Red, green, all the colors of the rainbow eventually.

2 A.M. We wake up all the kids and carry them out of their warm beds into the sub-zero and say, "Look up". Everybody's a poet. The eight-year-old says, "It looks like God's flashlight", while the 18-month old just keeps repeating over and over, "Oh, wow, oh wow, oh wow." Someone else says the horizon looks like a squashed orange. No one complains about the cold, but it is 20 below zero and they start shivering so we rush them back indoors.

In a while the lights are flashing all around the sky. Finally, they form an upside down cone over our cabin and fade with the sudden hush of dawn. This had been a noisy and exciting night of freeze-up, and it was over for another year. We feed the fires one last time and crawl into bed. The kids will be up before wood is needed again.

* * * *

DECEMBER 3

For the past couple of weeks the temperature has never gotten above zero. Most of the time it has hovered around ten below during the day and has dropped to twenty below at night. The wind has blown incessantly, piling huge snowdrifts in places. Other places the ground is almost bare. Three feet of snow have fallen so far. It looks the way sand does when it has been blown by a strong wind. Sort of in layers, and very smooth. It is fifty below this morning but no wind. For the first time in two weeks the sun in shining and the peacefulness we expected is here. Everything is too brilliant and it hurts our eyes until they become accustomed to it. It feels so warm outside that we removed our coats while getting wood.

* * * *

DECEMBER 4

The temperature has finally risen to ten above. Guess the worst is over. We didn't exactly hibernate like a bunch of bears during the cold snap. We didn't get out to the mailbox or check traps, but we did get wood every day. We had a stack of wood all right, but had never gotten more than a month's supply. We were able to let the fires go out most nights. Then suddenly one night the temperature dropped out of sight. We had no way of knowing how long the weather would be this way, but the year before last the temperature kept dropping for six weeks and finally hit sixty below. We figured it was better to be out in ten below than run out of wood at sixty below. So for a couple of hours every day we got a good taste of what it's like to be out in a blizzard. We didn't go far from the cabin, though.

* * * *

There are ways to insure your safety in very cold weather, so I guess you could say that the danger is as great as your ignorance. Accidents can happen, but you can actually control your destiny in the wilderness to a large extent, once you get the hang of living this way. Here are the precautions to take, once you have decided on the necessity of being out in the cold.

Dress with more than one layer of clothing, and loosely. Boots bigger than your size; nothing snug. Wool is important, so is fur, feathers, preferably un-oiled leather or rubber on the feet. Plastic and all artificial materials are NOT warm. Natural materials are the ONLY thing. Clean clothing is the most insulating.

Cross your arms and put your hands under your armpits to warm you hands and fingers. Jump around a lot to warm up your feet. Don't ever squat; it's a good way to freeze your toes. Don't cut off circulation in any way. If you are out for a long time burn birch bark. The curly loose outer layer acts as if it is soaked with kerosene when a match is touched to it. You can build little mini-fires with this if you are just warming up yor hands. You can use it as paper and kindling to build a bonfire fast, if this is needed.

Don't inhale through your nose, as it will get colder than it already is. If it is hard on your chest to inhale through your mouth, take short gasps rather than big breaths. You will have to move slower in severe cold to do this.

If your chin or nose is getting cold, put the crook of your arms over it or cup your hand over a cold cheek. Don't rub hard, but massage gently to bring the feeling back. One consolation is that if something hurts, it isn't frozen. Anything that is in real danger of getting frostbite becomes numb and turns white. But do get warm as fast as possible without panicking. When you panic, it just takes longer to think of the sensible thing to do. I've been in some pretty tight spots out here but never have I come across anything that I couldn't figure out a solution for, if I really had to use my own resources. Not yet, that is. It takes a while to relax and enjoy whatever circumstances you find yourself in. It took me two winters before I got the idea that I really could survive pretty easily out here. When you are out in the cold you are alert to the possibility of something getting cold anyway, and you will notice it in plenty of time to do the right thing for it.

When warming a chilled part people always say NOT to use kerosene or anything cold like snow or anything too hot. This is true, but it usually makes people think that they should use warm water maybe. When something is painfully cold, warm water can make the pain terrible. If you can get indoors just sit reasonably close to the fire. Massage gently. If you have to stay outside, it is a case of putting whatever's cold against whatever's slightly warmer.

If something more is needed, there is dry moss hanging on the trees all winter in this country. It is also excellent insulation for your footgear or a hat that isn't keeping your head warm. Keep it in mind for fire starting too, if there is no birch bark around. Another of its many uses is to absorb moisture. It was used as diapers by Indian mothers long before the white man discovered disposable diapers. It is excellent for stuffing in wet boots if you can't take them off to dry them out for any reason.

If something happens to your mittens, like if you get them wet when you are too far away from home to stay bare-handed, take strips of clothing, such as the bottom part of your long johns pant legs. Starting a few inches above the wrist, wind very loosely toward the tip of your fingers, bypassing the thumb, and ending just beyond the tip of your fingers. Stuff this full of dry moss. Then tuck the end of your mitten in like you would a pillow case. The time I had to do this, I just tucked my thumb into my fist to warm it up. You would of course leave your trigger finger free if you need to.

* * * *

TRIBES is a column of the people so readers' information is always needed and appreciated. If you have any ideas, experiences, information, or criticisms please take the time to send them in to:

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PROV. GOV. MINDS VAN. COUNCIL

by ALDERMAN HARRY RANKIN
Commitee of Progressive Electors (COPE)

The powers of Vancouver City Council to license businesses and to levy taxes are clearly laid out in the city Charter, an Act passed by the provincial legislature. Council has been exercising these rights for years.

Yet when City Council decided recently to introduce a by-law to place a license fee or tax on hotel rooms, we received a threatening letter from municipal affairs minister, Dan Campbell. The minister told us that if we dared to tax hotel rooms, he would cut off the $1.00 per capita grant the city gets for tourist promotion. This grant amounts to $410,000 a year.

The tax which Council proposes to levy on hotel rooms is actually very low – ranging from $25.00 a year on rooms renting from $10.00 a day to $100.00 a year for rooms costing $30.00 or more a day.

This amounts to a tax of only 7¢ a day on a $10.00 a day room if it is rented 365 days a year, or 10¢ a day if it is occupied 250 days a year or two-thirds of the time.

For a $30.00 a day room the tax would be only 28¢ a day if the room is occupied the year round or 40¢ a day if the room is vacant one-third of the time.

Yet municipal affairs minister Campbell and even Premier Bennett tell us that this minute tax will hurt the tourist industry! What they are saying is that if a tourist has to pay $10.10 a day instead of $10.00 for a room or $30.40 instead of $30.00 he won't come to Vancouver and will go somewhere else. No matter how thin you slice it, that's still baloney.

This tax won't hurt the tourist industry one bit. Hotels and motels have a booming business and can easily afford the tax. But of course they'll just pass it on to the customer in any case.

Furthermore this tax on hotel rooms will only bring the level of their fees up to those of other businesses in the city. Until now their contributions have been lower.

It must also be stressed that the tourist industry costs the citizens millions of dollars yearly for wear and tear on city streets, police and fire protection, upkeep of parks and museums, and grants for tourist promotion. It's only fair that the hotels and motels who gain the most from tourism should help to pay some of the expenses.

The tax which the city proposes to levy on hotel and motel rooms will bring in a revenue of $500,000 a year. It will help to keep down taxes on the homeowner.

But this doesn't seem to interest Premier Bennett or municipal affairs minister Campbell. They are more interested in saving American tourists a few cents in hotel rooms than saving dollars for our homeowners.

This time the provincial government is going just a bit too far in meddling in Vancouver business and in waving the big stick at us. Vancouver City Council has the legal right to levy this tax and the tourists and the tourist industry can afford to pay it a lot more than our homeowners.

City Council deserves the backing of all citizens in telling the provincial government to mind its own business and let Vancouver City Council mind ours.

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GIFTS FOR THE PRISONERS

In the name they call it a school. But really it's a prison.

The Willingdon Prison (School) for Girls, at Willingdon and Canada Way, was built to 'accommodate' 75 girls, but rarely are there less than 95. Of these about 80% are classified as unmanageable. Or they are runaways, almost invariably from poor families. And 43% of them are Indians or part-Indians.

Most of the time the girls in Willingdon are just part of this society's numerous forgotten people, having been referred there by the juvenile courts or by a probation or parole officer.

For each of the last two Christmases the Cool-Aid have gone to this prison and thrown gifts over the wall. When asked if the girls were given the presents, Ray Chouinard of Cool-Aid said that after the food had been thrown out because it might be laced with LSD, and the teddy bears had been ripped open because they might be filled with marijuana, the remaining gifts are given to the model prisoners.

This is the first time that Cool-Aid has publicized their prison visit so there might be some police interference. If you can help, call Cool-Aid or go to the 'School' at 4 p.m. on Christmas Day. Bring a gift to toss over the fence, and a candle and sing a song.

WRITE TIM LEARY

As everyone knows by now, Dr. Timothy Leary is safe and sound in Algeria, thanks to the hard work of the Weatherman underground and the revolutionary auspices of the Black Panther Party.

It is now possible to write the good doctor at:

Tim Leary
c/o Black Panther Party
Boite Postale
118 Gran Poste
Algiers, Algeria.

He would be pleased to hear what you have to say and what's happening around your part of the world.

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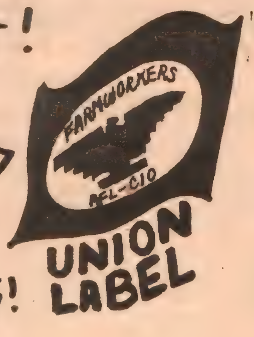
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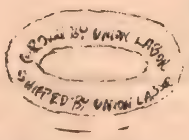
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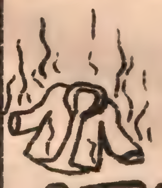

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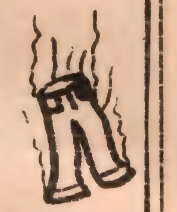

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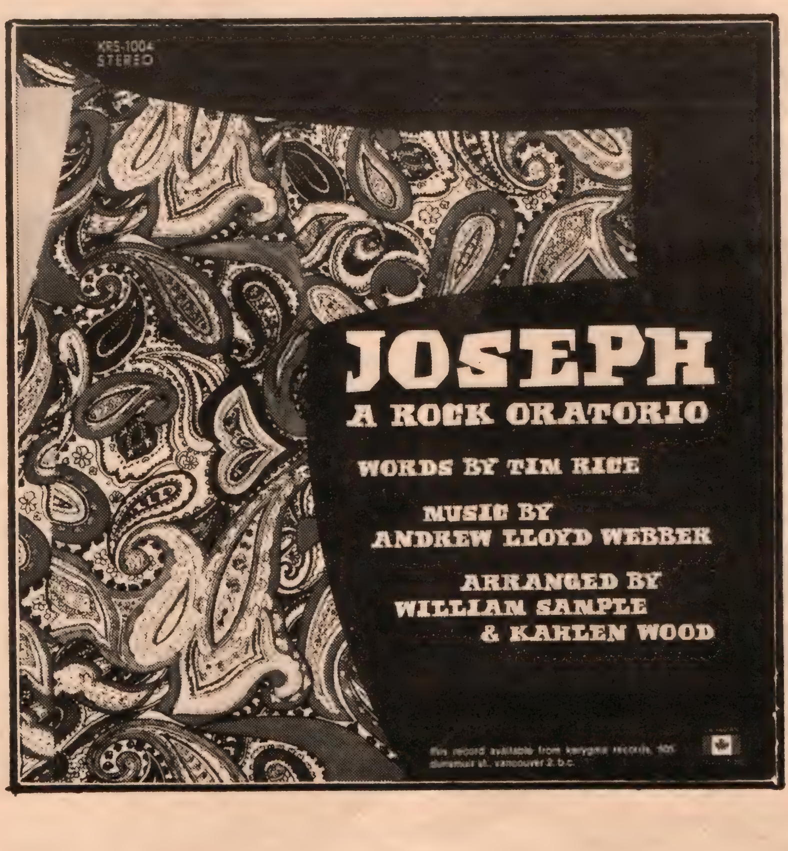
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GREENPEACE IS BEAUTIFUL

by Irving Stowe

"When any form of authority treats a man unjustly, all other men are guilty of this: For it is they who by their silence and consent permit authority to commit this abuse....."

"If part of our heritage is our wilderness, and if the measure of Canada is the quality of the life available to Canadians, then we must act should there be any threat to either. We must act to protect the freshness of our air and the purity of our water; we must offer leadership to the world and withstand the cries of complaining vested interests."

Both statements are by P.E. Trudeau. With regard to the first one consider his overreaction in invoking the War Measures Act., etc., with all the resulting abuses of civil liberties and the Damoclean sword of "sedition" now dangling over the heads of dissenting Canadians. Do you have any real confidence that, with regard to the second statement, our environment will be treated any more justly, more rationally, more honorably then people have been treated?

* * * *

THE RICKETY RESULTS OF THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

Man, in upsetting the balance of nature with his industrialization and technology, opened Pandora's box. A whole host of unforeseen consequences followed. Ecologists have been trying to get across the message that man's gross interference with, and destruction of the interrelationships between man and other species and the earth are perilous, that the certain consequence of our continuing to do so will be extinction.

In the December issue of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is a major article on RICKETS. I recommend it to you because it illustrates what a long way we still have to go before we become really aware of the RESULTS of man's greedy, careless, ignorant exploitation of our resources. To this day the notion that rickets is due to a deficiency of "vitamin D" is propagated (among other ways) by the words printed on every carton of milk in Canada and many other countries: "400 U.S.P. units vitamin D added per qt." What is the truth? Dig this:

"In actual fact rickets was the earliest AIR-POLLUTION DISEASE. It was first described in England in about 1650, at the time of the introduction of soft coal, and it spread through Europe with the Industrial Revolution's pall of coal smoke and the increasing concentration of poor people in the narrow, sunless alleys of factory towns and big-city slums. This, we now know, was because rickets is caused not by a poor diet but by a deficiency of solar ultraviolet radiation, which is necessary for the synthesis of calciferol, the calcifying hormone released into the bloodstream by the skin. Without calciferol not enough calcium is laid down in growing bones, and the crippling deformities of rickets are the consequence. Either adequate sunlight or the ingestion of minute amounts of calciferol or one of its analogues therefore prevents and cures rickets, and so the disease has been eradicated...

"The geographical relation between rickets and cities was clearly noted in 1889 by the British Medical Association. After a survey of the incidence of the disease in the British Isles the association published maps that supported its major conclusion: There was wide-spread and severe rickets 'in large towns and thickly peopled districts, especially where industrial pursuits are carried on....' "

In addition to its contribution to ecological awareness the article is a kind of medical detective story contrasting the differences betweeen clinical medical research and beginning biochemistry. The very end of the article points up some fascinating insights which are quoted in part to induce you to read the whole article:

"Tropical man probably avoids the dangers of too much calciferol production by virtue of his dark skin... European man, on the other hand, needed to use all the scanty ultraviolet light available, and consequently was gradually selected for an unpigmented skin such as is present in extreme degree in the blond-haired, blue-eyed, fair-skinned and rosy-cheeked infants of the English, north German and Scandinavian peoples....

"June weddings tend to bring the first baby in spring; an infant born in the fall was almost certain to have rickets by the time he was six months old. The fish-on-Friday tradition was as adaptive as the scurvy-preventing eating of an apple a day ....Clearly northern European man, bronzed in summer but crocus white in winter, has an epidermis well adapted to the seasonal variation in ultraviolet radiation. Only with the advent of INDUSTRIAL SMOG did rickets appear in England and Northern Europe." (emphasis added)

– from RICKETS by W.F. Loomis

* * * *

BEAUTIFUL PROFITS IN BEAUTIFUL BRITISH COLUMBIA

The first issue of a new magazine, B.C. CONSERVATIONIST, is now available at newstands. In a featured article written by Jim Bohlen, conservation chairman of the Sierra Club of B.C., he refers to the symbiotic relationship between "capital" and the ripoffs of B.C. resources:

"Modern technology has developed methods for exploration and exploitation of resources with very expensive and complex equipment which demand large financial resources and guaranteed assurance of a steady supply of raw materials. In Canada, the financial capital is largely supplied by 'foreign' investors, chiefly in the form of multi-national corporations.

"Therefore Canada is under extraordinary pressure to release its resources REGARDLESS OF ENVIRONMENTAL DAMAGE." (emphasis added)

As one example of how the B.C. government makes it attractive for "foreign" investors to rip off our resources, he points out:

"In B.C. the fees paid by industry for the right to cut public timber are much less than in the U.S.A."

Citing Strathcona Park, Tweedsmuir Park, Long Beach Park as instances of how the provincial government under its rather unique Park's Act (Anti-Park Act?) has really acted AGAINST the public interest, Bohlen emphasizes:

"It is of immediate and vital concern to the citizens of B.C. to set aside wilderness areas for RECREATIONAL RATHER THAN INDUSTRIAL USE." (emphasis added)

WHAT YOU MAY BE BREATHING!
(microscopic view of particle of solid pollution, magnified forty times)

* * * *

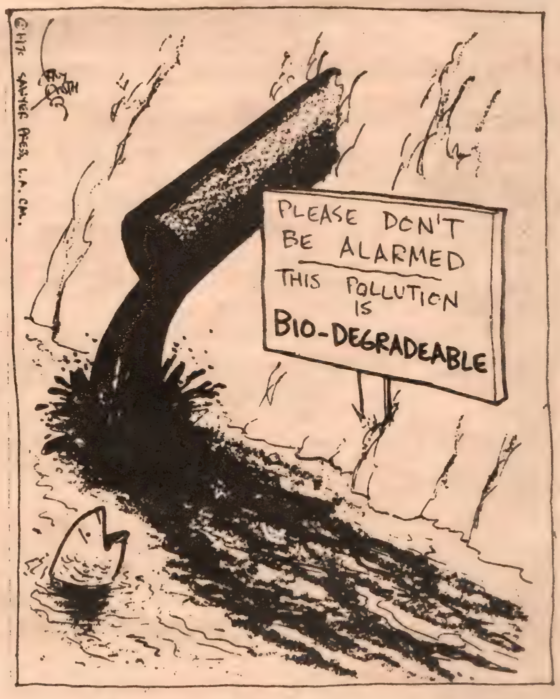
THE THREE R's FOR SURVIVAL: RECOVERY, RECYCLING, AND REUSE

A year ago with regard to the "integrated energy policy" proposed for Canada and the U.S.A., I said publicly: "Whatever is wrong with Canada, it is nothing that being integrated with the U.S.A. can cure." The passage of time has made it obvious to more and more Canadians that any chance of our physical and national survival depends on our DISASSOCIATING ourselves from the insanities south of our border.

But an occasional plant can grow even in a desert. And out of the desperate U.S.A. environmental wasteland a good idea seems to have emerged, according to CONSERVATION NEWS:

In the state of New York's Department of Environmental Conservation there has been created an OFFICE OF RECOVERY, RECYCLING, AND REUSE. Its purpose is said to be to promote, encourage, and develop plans for recycling of products from industrial, domestic, and municipal wastes. The department's director Henry Diamond expects the new office to help develop an "eco-techno alliance – engineers and environmentalists working in close harmony – to take the lead in promoting reuse of raw materials."

To the wasteful and environmentally destructive B.C. government (and to readers not yet into reusing and recycling), I commend Mr. Diamond's message:


©1970 SAWYER PRESS L.A. CAL.
PLEASE DON'T BE ALARMED
THIS POLLUTION IS BIO-DEGRADEABLE

"It is incredible to think we can continue to be a 'use it, throw it away, and forget it' society. Our natural resource base CANNOT WITHSTAND CONTINUED EXPLOITATION and we can no longer look upon our air, water, and land resources as a BOTTOMLESS GARBAGE CAN." (emphasis added)

* * * *

RELEVANT RHETORIC

Recently the well-known anarchist theoretician, Murray Bookchin, spoke at UCLA. His remarks were reported in considerable detail by Ira Sohn in the LOS ANGELES FREE PRESS. Here is a portion of the report extremely relevant from the standpoint of environmental preservation:

"Bookchin emphasizes the new relationship to nature that must evolve in a post-scarcity world. Given the scarcity situation, HUMANS CONFRONT NATURE WITH A VIEW TOWARD ITS CONQUEST. They establish a survival geared system of classification in which all things which in any way abet the functioning of the social machine take precedence over all things natural, so that the wholesale mutilation of the natural world occurs as part of the normal course of events and without arousing much apprehension.

"From the post-scarcity perspective, however, the environment is not regarded as either hostile or something to be relentlessly exploited, but as the setting in which the human organism thrives IN BENEFICENT INTERDEPENDENCE WITH ALL OTHER ORGANISMS, AS WELL AS WITH INANIMATE NATURE. The means of effectuating this new sort of ecological relationship is a humanistically wielded technology. In essence, this technology is already at our disposal. In its present form it is barbaric. We need only humanize it.

"Bookchin asserted many times that the humanization of technology, the disappearance of hierarchical thinking, the reconstitution of the individual psyche, comprise a transformation that is not simply philosophically desirable but A NECESSITY IF HUMANITY IS TO SURVIVE AT ALL." (emphasis added.)

MANAGE TO MISS HIS COURSE!

"In my view B.C. as it presently exists is incomplete – unfinished – for it has not yet felt the improving hands of man. (Ed. note: It will be finished soon!) B.C. is beautiful, it is majestic, but I contrast its mountain sides and valleys and, if we are honest, often monotonous forests, with the settled mountain sides and valleys and managed forests of Norway and Switzerland. B.C. needs people, it needs humanizing, it needs the amelioration of man to turn it from a natural to a cultural landscape...."

– from an article in ENVIRONMENT TOMORROW entitled "The Leavening Hand of Man" written by J.V. Thirgood who teaches in (are you ready for this?) the Faculty of Forestry at U.B.C.

* * * *

24 frames

by K. TOUGAS

THE BOYS IN THE BAND at the West Van Odeon
ACT OF THE HEART at the Varsity

I don't usually bother to write about a film on its second-run appearance in town, but in the case of THE BOYS IN THE BAND it seems worthwhile. Unquestionably this film is an important sociological/political piece of work that insists on exposing a fact of life that will not "politely go away". A life-style, needless to say, that has been undermined, choked and made ridiculous by the closed opinions of society.

Based on the play by Mart Crowley, the emphasis and potency of this film lie within the intense conflicts and personal statements which develop within a gay microcosm (in this case a birthday gathering). A remarkable dramatic intensity emerges from this clawing at the masks which they have constructed to protect themselves from mass society, and themselves. It is an anguished despair and an agonized cry as these men are inflicted with the hate of society: a hate that becomes self-hatred.

The external pressures of society act as an outcasting factor, but it is ironic, albeit evident, that these external pressures so envelop the being of an individual that they destroy him from within, as well as from without. And by this intangible process of reversal, society quietly, politely, absolves itself from all guilt or responsibility for what in effect is the assassination of an individual.

The only recourse is to protest loudly and through mass communication attempt to reveal simple thoughts and simple truths to a distrustful and wary public. Perhaps in fact THE BOYS IN THE BAND is too careful a film, that is too careful in the perspective of what is needed immediately, not in some distant future. With its focus remaining on the philosophical/psychological plight of the homosexual, the film tends to dispel any of the general public's self-imposed delusions regarding the impossibility of emotions and love between two men. Yet noticeably, that deeply engrained public repulsion/disgust with respect to the "ugliness" of the physical act, male love-making, remains untouched, and that's a dangerous barrier to leave standing (even though no one takes the time to remark that heterosexual love-making is also "ugly" under the same scrutiny).

What contributes to the success of the film is its presentation of the emotion of love in a state of evolution. Had the audience been presented with a simple, fait accompli statement of love between two men, that audience could simply accept or reject this emotional fact depending on previous bias/opinion. Instead, the spectator is invited into a PROCESS, is coaxed into considering this developing emotion with new eyes.

But the growth of this condition is so powerfully constructed and represented by an excellent cast and a capable dramatic film-maker that ideally the action could have penetrated into the chamber of the second taboo, and could have completed the task it set out to accomplish.

The result is a document that is long overdue. At least its "message" opens the door, and some of the men responsible for its creation have been able to cry out, and fight back . . .

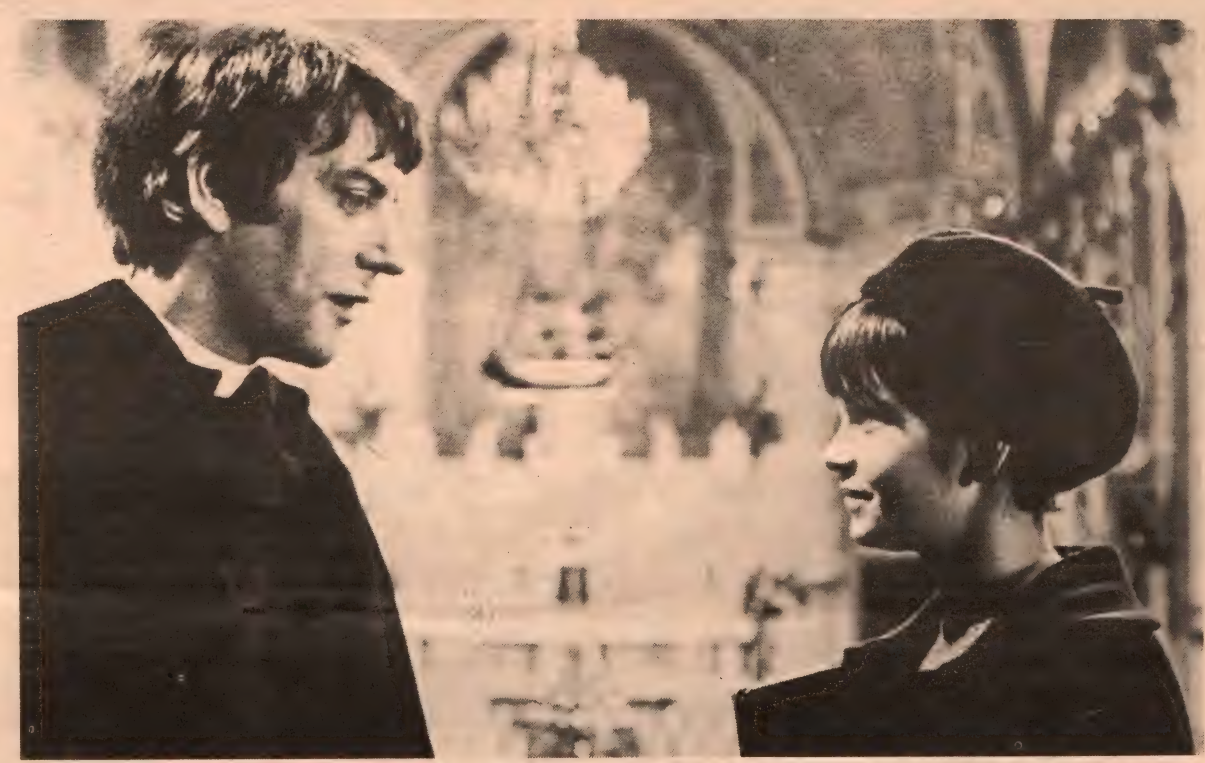
And in these days when the over-all film scene is so miserably grim, and when local media/newspapers and politicians maintain their despicable mediocrity, the incisiveness of THE BOYS IN THE BAND is a welcome change. I expect most readers of this newspaper to be pretty hip to the ideas of the film, but why not take a friend, a parent, anyone that might possibly gain from an exposure to life?

* * * *

I avoided writing about ACT OF THE HEART until it had passed most of its run in town; it's just another sad case of Canadian film-making trying to be something it isn't and ends up imitating someone else. Director Paul Almond has in fact captured some personal elements, some overtones of the bi-cultural, bi-lingual facets of Montreal life, but few of these elements are particularly perceptive or arousing.

Genevieve Bujold and Donald Sutherland are admittedly excellent actors and the film's weakness does not come from their contribution, but rather from the clumsy construction of overt, desperately over-played religious, psychological and sexual themes that Almond insists on indulging in. It's not clear whether these non-subtleties are such because he wished to make his action and symbols graspable for the most general public, or whether his own control of the material is lacking, and while I would like to believe the former, I sense it to be the latter.

Ultimately in comparison with the work of Jean-Pierre Lefebvre, Gilles Groulx, Dave Rimmer and Michael Snow, ACT OF THE HEART is rather uninspired Canadian film-making. Almond is competent and he probably sensed his awkwardness with the material. But why then doesn't he adopt a project and style of film-making which he senses to be right for himself? Commercial viability is just not that good a criterion.



SUTHERLAND & BUJOLD IN *THE ACT OF THE HEART*

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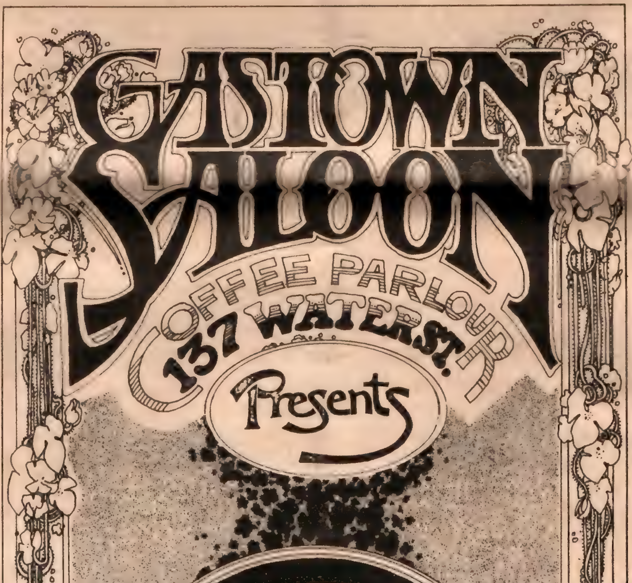
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GUEST PERFORMERS

MOVIEVIEWS

by BARRY CRAMER

I have never seen such a creatively corrupt movie as THE PEOPLE NEXT DOOR. The money for it came from Joseph E. Levine who will finance any production, American or foreign, that promises a profitable return. Herbert Brodkin, who once was an innovative creator of TV productions and series (e.g. "Naked City"), produced the movie. The director is David Greene, who could be the ex-Canadian director of CBC-TV dramas. The screenplay was written by a person, unknown to me (by that name), called J.P. Miller who based it on an original idea from himself. The movie is earnestly and dedicatedly acted by such stage and screen stalwarts as Eli Wallach, Julie Harris, and Hal Holbrook (who has toured Americanada doing an excellent portrayal of Mark Twain on a lecture tour.) Also in the cast are young people playing dope fiends, rock musicians, dope pushers, and rioting students plus black and white actors playing cops.

Now the question is: how did all these talented (and presumably well-meaning) people get together and expend so much creative energy to make this untruthful, lurid, irresponsible, sick, stupid movie? Perhaps absolute corruption co-opts absolutely.

To end on a brighter note, I can recommend the sugar and spice musical comedy version of SCROOGE to anyone who needs something for young people to see during the coming holiday season. Adults get gouged $2.50 but kids get in for 50¢. Albert Finney plays Scrooge tongue-in-cheek (literally) like a stoned Mr. Hyde (of Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde), but the kids won't notice or care. Speaking of holdays, I'm splitting for two weeks so, make your own festive movies and I'll see ya all in the new year!

PREGNANCY
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PORTE'S UPTOWN
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caravan

Bless my soul, it's time to rock 'n roll with your old fave deejockey Rick Rock once again. Special thanx and a tip off the top must go to sidekick extraordinaire spiffy Mikey J. for his lucid, if not masterful, handling of last week's copy.

I feel I must also extend another grateful round of applause to spiffy Mikey for the tasteful organ recital he played before and during my wedding to spacey tracey on December fifth. Avant garde? Well, I must confess LG fm wanted to tape parts of it for airplay but after deep discussion good taste prevailed and we were forced to abandon the idea. For those of you who are curious, you can see Mikey in person, playing his greatest hits, out at the Haney pub every second Friday; and for those of you who are curious, but yellow, special tapes of these performances are available at the front office of the Straight. Guaranteed to fry your socks every time.

Anyway, back to the interesting things that have been happening in Vancouver. Last Friday night saw an unusual concert at the Gardens: three Vancouver bands on the bill and at least 2500 people turning out to see them. And the evening had more than a few suprises. Uncle Slug opened the show with their own brand of blues and boogie (with a little rock thrown in) and really got the energies flowing. And there is a new lineup for the Slug: Chris Dahl, who used to drum with My Indole Ring (remember them?) is now handling the percussion, and doing it very well, I might add. At this point in Uncle Slug's development I can't think of another band in Canada that does their type of music better than they do. And I am thinking of King Biscuit Boy and Crowbar. Strange that groups from the east get all the hype (Edward Bear) and promotion (Bush) while Vancouver groups like Uncle Slug play for free and starve.

The second group, Stallion Thumbrock, was interesting, but not as effective as Uncle Slug. I would have liked it better if they had opened the show. Brett Wade is an accomplished guitarist, but I just can't get enthused about the rest of the group. Each number was relatively interesting, but as a whole I think their set was pedestrian. Not enough balls, if you get my meanin'. And the three part harmony was great for a while, but I think it was overdone during the set with the result being tedium instead of excitement. Stallion is currently signed up with Tom Northcott's Studio Three, and Studio Three has recently joined up with MCA, so perhaps the resulting record (there will be one, Tom?) will do away with all that extraneous crap.

By the way, Tom, thanks for the spiffy ice cream bar during intermission.

Top billing, for obvious reasons, went to Chilliwack who performed a musically exciting and inventive set. All of them were great, but I think that Henderson's amazing control of the guitar got to me the most. It's not his technical virtuosity that appeals, rather it's his awareness of temp and rhythm that gets the audience off. "Raino" is their masterpiece, a truly great song, and one which I feel they must surpass to progress.

All in all, I thought the concert was a huge success in the fact that there seems to be a renewed interest happening in regards to local musicians. Davey (Sound House) Ziffert and his board were in top form again, with the Gardens absorbing about 110 decibels of produced in Vancouver and amplified in Vancouver sound. Good Show.

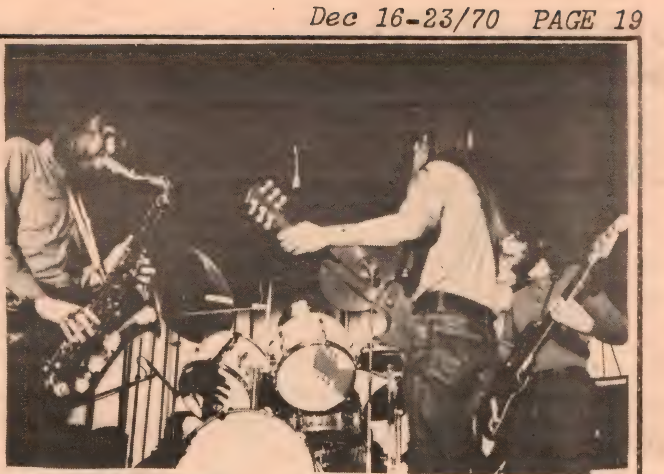
Spiffy Mikey cornered a couple of local promoters at the show and came up with a mighty interesting list of future concerts we can look forward to. How does Neil Young, Hot Tuna, Firesign Theatre (in February) and get this, Van Morrison sound to you? Van Morrison, too much.

So much for the hypes, now for some solid movin' and groovin' down the review trail. Books. This week I do it to some of the best for late night reading while the days get shorter.

If you get off on Franz Kafka, then something in the same literary stream is Thomas Bernhard's GARGOYLES (Knopf, Toronto, 208 pp, $6.95) translated from the German by R. and C. Winston. Bernhard, like Kafka and to a lesser extent, Beckett, is writing about the essence of Man himself. The progression throughout the novel symbolizes metaphorically the search for the true self and the true reality that each of us carries within our own consciousness. Bernhard masterfully sets a Kafkaesque landscape, complete with an abundance of alienated, introverted, neurotic individuals, and leads us through this macrocosm of horror and decay into the microcosm of self-horror and self-decay. GARGOYLES is not exactly a book to read before going to bed. Dreams could be less than spiffy.

In a similar philosophic vein, but using his images for different ends, is Albert Camus. Two newly published books of his, LYRICAL AND CRITICAL ESSAYS (Vintage, New York, 365 pp. $2.25) and NOTEBOOKS, 1942-1951 (Modern Library, New York, 270 pp, $3.75) are actually reprints of earlier famous editions redone in less expensive format. Both of them trace, in Camus' own essays, his intellectual negation of traditional philosophy and leanings toward the clouded and little-understood school of existentialism. These volumes are involving and exciting not only because of their personalized insights into the mind of a man who has been called "the conscience of the twentieth century" but also because they reveal the literary background and mythical involvement of the man who wrote such works as THE STRANGER and the famous essay THE MYTH OF SISYPHUS.

STALLION THUMBROCK Photo: Tony Nassief



CHILLIWACK Photo: Tony Nassief

It is easy at this point to move from the philosophic troubles of Camus to Jason Epstein's THE GREAT CONSPIRACY TRIAL (Random House, New York, 433 pp, $9.95). The split that Camus saw between God and man, between man and man is revealed in this book as the absurdity of the Chicago eight trial. (It is unfortunate that this hardcover edition is so expensive, perhaps a softcover volume will be forthcoming.) This book does not offer a concise editorial opinion by the author as to the ultimate 'rightness' of either side during the trial; instead the author has chosen to involve himself as deeply into the facts of the trial itself and write the ensuing history against the broader background of "the perennial argument between the security of the state and the rights of individuals". It is, perhaps, because of this broad objectivity that the book is less coherent and clear than it might be. Epstein tries to put as much trivia as he possibly can into his chapters and the resulting mass of information is difficult, if not impossible to weave through. There is a feeling of being at the trial but not knowing what to do once you are there — a problem I think most liberals like Epstein are caught in. Perhaps that is too harsh a judgment. Epstein does know what is happening, but he is powerless to do anything but merely report the facts. True, he does point out, in his choice of examples, the idiocy of the trial and the obvious shortcomings of so-called american "justice", but he does not mold these criteria into a tightly knit offensive to expose the entire absurd history. But I still think it's a good book, and well worth the price of the softcover, not this edition.

No records for this week, but hold on to your headsets for next week's column, when the boss boys down here at the old Straight will be movin' and groovin' to the likes of Van Morrison, Elvis, Lovecraft, Eric Burdon, Norman Greenbaum, and lots more to fry your socks.

Also look forward to the Straight's Super End Of The Year Memory Lane Music Extravaganza. Soon! At your nearest participating straight dealers.

So, until Bob Dylan's "New Morning" catches up to Van Morrison's "Brand New Day" keep those smiles happening.

DISCS

by MICHAEL QUIGLEY

Since classical records account for less than five per cent of all album sales, it was only natural that record companies should try to entice the vast non-classical (read "rock and pop") audience. Hence, we've had underground ads for albums by Shostakovitch and Henze mentioning their "revolutionary" import. And we've had London Records releasing Beethoven's Ninth with a rock festival cover and a mention that it contains the "Song of Joy". And we've had Deutsche Grammophon sending promotional singles of works by Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart to U.S. rock and pop stations. It's all a very clever and exploitative business.

A recent product of similar corporate thinking is THE NAKED CARMEN (Mercury SRM 1-604), an "electric rock opera" based on the grand opera by Bizet first produced in 1875. A line from the enclosed libretto-booklet explains the basis for contemporizing Bizet's original: "In this modern version of the opera . . . the traditional vision of Carmen as temptress is rejected. Today she is a heroine. In the last 10 years, Carmen has emerged as a compelling spokesman, not only for the concept of woman's liberation, but for the whole prospect of an exciting life of free morality: a life in which new concepts of human purpose and tolerance will permit man to refashion his institutions to permit the full development of every individual." Heavy stuff, eh?

The music for this production is the same as Bizet's (well, sort of) except that it's arranged diversely for a solo piano, a kazoo, a rock group called Pig Iron, a Moog synthesizer, a group of studio musicians, and even a symphony orchestra. There's also lots of nifty engineering and sound effects like one section containing the sounds of a Hitler speech followed by the voice of Spiro Agnew and sounds of UPI reporters telling about international student unrest. (Get the connection?)

The words to the songs have been drastically revamped for the sake of relevance, however. They're delivered by a couple of stars from Hair, a group of moppets, and even some legitimate (?) opera singers. Like most modern lyrics, those on this album are indefinite as hell. They're perhaps epitomized by a song by the album's co-creator-producer-writer-arranger, David Hess. Entitled 'Faces Are The Same', it appears continuously five times through the album, sort of a narrative-commentary. Its refrain is "That's how it is, that's how it will be/And that's how it must have been." Meaningful, wouldn't you say?

The artistic (sic) design of the album is even more outrageous, however. The cover shows a leering cheesecake Carmen, and in the letters of her name behind her is Hugh Hefner with his bunnies. The back cover pictures sixteen cigar bands for brands like Long Zonk, Acapulco Gold, Out-a-Sight, Joint La Joy'a, La Paranoia, and Mary Jane. Inside is a shot of Carmen's rose superimposed on an atomic bomb exploding and another of several cigars, on the bands of which are Playboyish lovelies with their breasts black-barred out.

The libretto-booklet, aside from the lyrics, credits, and a feeble explanation for the album's creation, contains some interesting photomontages. One of them shows a bull ring, in front of which are some Chicago pig-cops and behind which is a Hitler rally. Another shows a TV screen on which are pictures of Che Guevara and an Altamont pool-cue clubbing.

It's all a very slick, very sick production catering to the lowest form of trend-influenced intelligence, making only an incredibly diffuse political and artistic type of statement. And that's all I'm going to say, because I've already said too much.

* * * *

BEAUCOUPS OF BLUES — Ringo Starr (Apple SMAS/3368)

Ringo's Nashville-recorded album is outrageously funky or funkily outrageous, whichever you want. A nice Christmas present for parents or crabby uncles who live in Langley and listen to CJJC.

PAPA BEAR'S MEDICINE SHOW (One-Shot Records)

Only one copy of this underground memory album was sold locally before further sales were stopped with the threat of a court order. It still continues to be sold, according to the album's anonymous distributor, though where is another question. Almost all of the hundred copies of the locally-pressed effort are gone, however, so chances of picking one up are pretty slim.

I found the album more interesting historically than musically. The cuts, both live and studio-recorded, weren't terribly well engineered, though the sound was at least clear. Two jam cuts recorded live at The Bistro were unremarkable except for some piano work.

REAL MINK — Blue Mink (Philips PHS 600-339)

I was one of five people in Canada who heard and enjoyed Blue Mink's first album, but this, their second, featuring new vocalists Roger Cook and Madeline Bell, is strictly for the schlock-rock market. Excellent sound, however.

STEPPENWOLF 7 (RCA Victor DS-50090)

The heavy, gutsy blues sounds generated on this album are practically indistinguishable from those generated on the group's other six.

PLANET EARTH — Tommy Graham and Friends (Capitol SKAO 6356)

More Canadian content from Capitol in the form of a fellow who sounds like Bobby Bloom. Actually, Graham sounds like the kind of guy you'd find singing to adults in a nightclub, but there's no money in doing that, so he aims for the lucrative middle-of-the-road kiddies market. Another triumph for free enterprise.

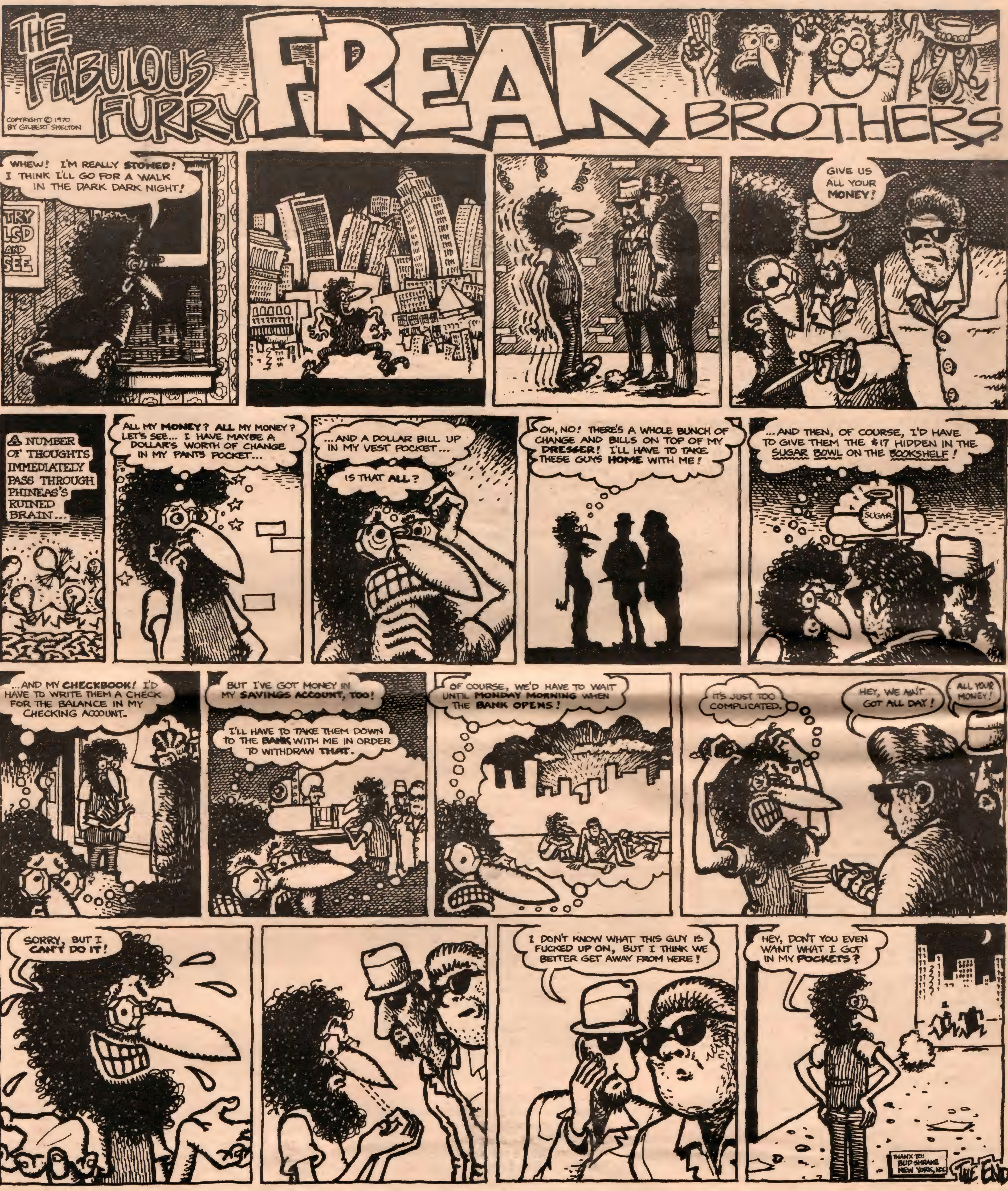
SNAFU — East of Eden (London-Deram DES 18043)

Aside from a couple of short gimmicky cuts and some pseudo-electronic reverse tape passages, this is a fine first album by a jazz-influenced group vaguely reminiscent of Colosseum and If, but much less into a rock bag than either of those two groups. The lyrics strike me as being humdrum, though they're at least not detrimental to the accomplished musicianship. Dave Arbus on violin, flute and tenor sax and Ron Caines on alto and soprano are particularly good. In short, an interesting group I hope to hear more from soon.

EMITT RHODES (RCA Victor DS-50089)

Emitt Rhodes wrote all the songs on this album, played all the instruments, sang all the vocals, did all the arrangements, and engineered and co-produced the whole mess. Sounds a bit like Paul McCartney, right? Well, the similarities between this and McCartney's first solo album are pretty astounding (especially vocally), but Rhodes is a hell of a lot tighter and less musically self-conscious. In fact, it sounds like the album I bet a lot of people wish McCartney HAD made.

If Rhodes' already very strong musical personality were just a bit more distinctive, this album would be a knockout. Maybe his next one will be.


THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS
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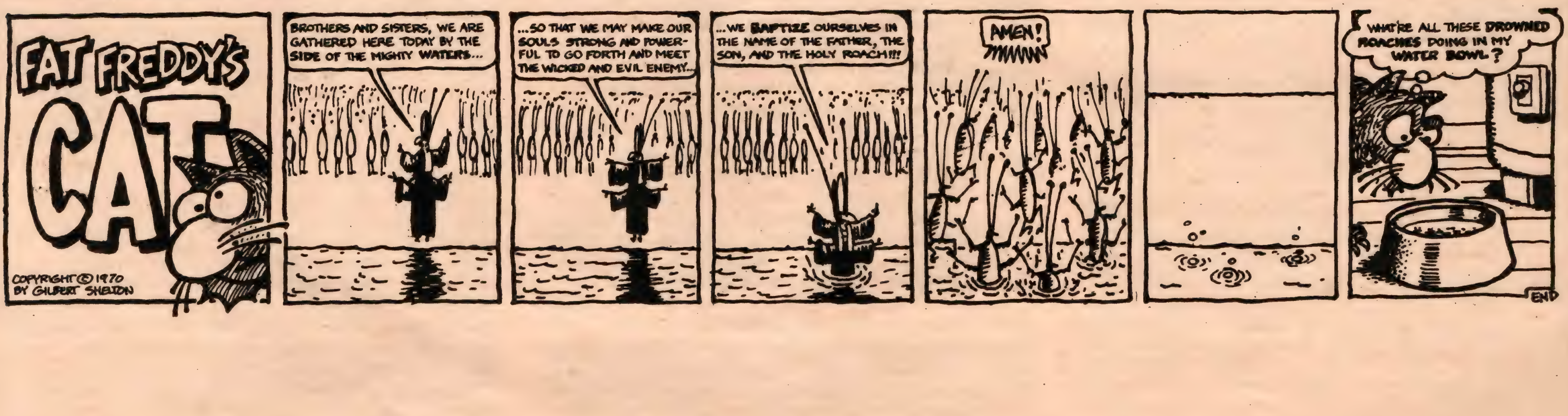
WHEW! I'M REALLY STONED! I THINK I'LL GO FOR A WALK IN THE DARK DARK NIGHT!
TRY LSD AND SEE
GIVE US ALL YOUR MONEY!
A NUMBER OF THOUGHTS IMMEDIATELY PASS THROUGH PHINEAS'S RUINED BRAIN...
SORRY
ALL MY MONEY? ALL MY MONEY? LET'S SEE... I HAVE MAYBE A DOLLAR'S WORTH OF CHANGE IN MY PANTS POCKET...
...AND A DOLLAR BILL UP IN MY VEST POCKET...
IS THAT ALL?
OH, NO! THERE'S A WHOLE BUNCH OF CHANGE AND BILLS ON TOP OF MY DRESSER! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THESE GUYS HOME WITH ME!
...AND THEN, OF COURSE, I'D HAVE TO GIVE THEM THE $17 HIDDEN IN THE SUGAR BOWL ON THE BOOKSHELF!
SUGAR
...AND MY CHECKBOOK! I'D HAVE TO WRITE THEM A CHECK FOR THE BALANCE IN MY CHECKING ACCOUNT.
BUT I'VE GOT MONEY IN MY SAVINGS ACCOUNT, TOO!
I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THEM DOWN TO THE BANK WITH ME IN ORDER TO WITHDRAW THAT.
OF COURSE, WE'D HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WHEN THE BANK OPENS!
IT'S JUST TOO COMPLICATED.
HEY, WE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY!
ALL YOUR MONEY!
SORRY, BUT I CAN'T DO IT!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS GUY IS FUCKED UP ON, BUT I THINK WE BETTER GET AWAY FROM HERE!
HEY, DON'T YOU EVEN WANT WHAT I GOT IN MY POCKETS?
THANX TO: BUD SHRAKE NEW YORK, NYC
THE END


FAT FREDDY'S CAT
COPYRIGHT © 1970 BY GILBERT SHELTON
BROTHERS AND SISTERS, WE ARE GATHERED HERE TODAY BY THE SIDE OF THE MIGHTY WATERS...
...SO THAT WE MAY MAKE OUR SOULS STRONG AND POWERFUL TO GO FORTH AND MEET THE WICKED AND EVIL ENEMY...
...WE BAPTIZE OURSELVES IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE HOLY ROACH!!!
AMEN!
WHAT'RE ALL THESE DROWNED ROACHES DOING IN MY WATER BOWL?
END

LOONY TUNES

LUNA, by David Meltzer, Black Sparrow Press, 1970, 76pp., $4.00.

Book Review by GEORGE BOWERING

Black Sparrow Press is a lovely publisher. John Martin, who runs it, combines the hippest poetry with beautiful design, and makes many of the best books in America. If you can't find the books in Vancouver, and if you can't get Duthies or whoever to stock them, send away for a catalog. The address is P.O. Box 25603, Los Angeles, Calif.

David Meltzer is one of the original tribe in San Francisco, long associated with folks like Michael McClure and Philip Lamantia. He came to SF in 1959, during the height of the so-called renaissance. One used to find him working at Discovery Books, next to Ferlinghetti's store, and in fact his first book, RAGAS, was published by Discovery Books. He has since published lots more books, poetry and pornography, those mystic skinbooks about The Agency, and he has had his own rock band. He keeps up.

LUNA is a selection of his poems over the period 1959-1969. It is made up largely of his poems about the moon, old favorite. Like a lot of other west coast poets he was early oriented to Eastern mysticisms and the occult, and a lot of the poems tell how come you're fooling with tarot and I Ching.

Sometimes, especially in the earlier poems, Meltzer is given to the pushy romanticism of the other two poets I mentioned, and he doesn't seem to sound so much convinced as they were/are: "Radiant Eye of the Ghost burns thru me." But he hits right on at times too:

> Why aren't I protected
> like the old Italian
> planting garlic in the park
> guided by moonlight?

That's the actual way you plant garlic and the way you cultivate poems, moon looking on.

It happens that I've also been rereading Philip Whalen's books, and I find that Whalen gets there most of the time because he is more comfortable in and around the objects of metaphysical forces. But Meltzer is often a good poet; he works well on determined song, falling into variable but constant verse, like Country Joe. The poet works best when we see him retaining his equilibrium on a floor that is flowing but bounded.

The relationship between moon and poet is one between eye in the sky and I on the moonlight ground. Meltzer uses the "I" of the symbolist poets: "I eat sacred eggs to sing to you." He hits and misses, as one will do in moonlight. He is forever announcing poetic visions, tho not as toughly as McClure or Lamantia do. His concerns are "poems about Zohar&&/ the music of clouds," and they are suffused with a female-poet kind of self-image, what I'm doing, what I'm suffering, how it changes me molecule by molecule.

So he doesn't want, like Whalen, the moon as a muse. He wants to merge with it, her. And he is always at his best when he allows fact to center his imagery and song:

> I see him
> practising his cello
> in the middle of the livingroom.
> Sleeves rolled up,
> shirt open.
> Pulls the bow across the strings
> with fury.

Then the actual clouds can become "words/ coughed from the dead." One short untitled poem on page 37 is brilliant, and I'd like you to read it for yourself. It tells of the matrix occupied by moon, poet, muse lady of poesy, victories and payment. No quotation or prose could tell of it.

Another thing I noticed. There is always the image of green California light outside and coming in the window. That's something that runs thru Whalen's poems too, and I remember it, not having been in Calif. for 5 years. You'll also find the old-fashioned chanting fuck poem, the galaxy poems, the uppercase letters poems.

The section called "Eden Book," recently published by itself in England, is a marvelous litany of a man going lyrically crazy in Marin County with anger in a world going berserk, people tearing the ground and trees even now to erect more Babylon Towers never to be reached by automobiles crashing head-on on the freeway or "genes popping apart in freak collisions."

Meltzer finds and says you have to face and enter a woman to make voyage to the moon, her figure to find center of yourself, "impossible to get out of one's self. Instead, one goes more deeply within." Baudelaire said, "To fornicate is to aspire to enter into another; the artist never emerges from himself."

ALL THE SPIRIT POWERS WENT TO THEIR DANCING PLACE

by GARY SNYDER

Floods of men
on foot, fighting and starving, cans rusted
by the roadside.

Clouds swirling and spiralling up the sky,
men fighting with scythes.

Wild beings sweeping on cities – spirits and ghosts
cougar, eagle, grizzly bear, coyote, hummingbird
intelligences
directing destructing instructing; us all
as through music:
songs filling the sky.

The earth lifting up and flying like millions of birds
into dawn.

Hills rising and falling as music, long plains and deserts
as slow quiet chanting.

Swift beings, green beings, all beings – all persons;
the two-legged beings
shine in smooth skin and their furred spots

Drinking clear water together
together turning and dancing
speaking new words,
the first time, for

Air, fire, water, and
Earth is our dancing place now.

after hours

by ED STARKINS

The night Janis Joplin died of poison
I thought the FM said it was Charles Bolling.

Charles Bolling is someone I
never met but he just signed
my teaching credential
and has funny handwriting.

But it was Janis Joplin second
dead pop star dead lately.
I don't know much about the
albums or any of the songs.

She was supposed to have sung
Elephant Ass Blues in the Taj Mahal
when they brought her there,
and her voice was going to be
burned out before she was 30.
This Janis drank fifths of bourbon
on the streets in Calgary.

Some Toronto cluckhens I know
saw her in a bar with ostrich
feathers and a plume covered hat.
Charles Bolling's never been to Calgary.
I wonder why Janis went there.

My girlfriend said she liked guys
in the audience who asked to pull on them,
and the Angels will bury her
in their riding colors in
Golden Gate Park by the museum.

I wonder what his relatives would
have done for Charles Bolling.

↙ (from REGARDING WAVE, New Directions, 1970. Just that as the fastest review possible of the rhapsodic vision. : mss. may be sent to WRITING, 56A Powell St., Vancouver 4, Stan Persky)

COCTEAU overlooked by clumsy biographer

Cocteau by Francis Steegmuller; Atlantic-Little Brown; $15.00

by CHARLES Z. LONELY

Cocteau, by Francis Steegmuller, is a great big book (499 pages of text) that makes overtures to being a biography of one of the most celebrated figures of twentieth century French literature. And I suppose if you want to be wishy-washy about what a biography is, then we'll have to grant Mr. Steegmuller credit for accomplishing the wishy-washy.

However, congruent with what my notion of what a biography may be – or should be – I'll have to credit Mr. Steegmuller with assembling an excellent description of the Tierra del Fuego; for in reality, Cocteau is not a biography at all, but rather a travel book for the sycophant's coffee table.

The initial syllable of the word 'biography' derives from the Greek 'bios' which means 'life' and it is life that one would want from a 'biography' of Jean Cocteau, who was as fascinating as any human being in recent times. But, of course, this would place extraordinary demands on a biographer – perhaps even complete submission to the genius of M. Cocteau that the spirit of his 'remains' might write through his agent. In dealing with the life of a great man the 'objective distance', to my way of thinking, does not obtain for the reason that such a stance suggests that the writer is in a superior capacity to the matter he intends to address himself to. And with this in mind, it is my feeling that the ultimate decisions to be made about a man are to be made by the reader and not the writer. His job is to make – re-make – a life for the reader who presumably having some intelligence of his own, will actuate his own judgement of the man he has experienced – if it is judgements that are wanted; more desirable is the experience of the person.

Mr. Steegmuller, in this sense, has failed miserably in his vocation as a 'biographer' and for that reason you do not find me going into the book at length; I have learned nothing, experienced very little of what Cocteau was reported to have been as a man.

I have read some of Cocteau's works, viewed many of his drawings and through the years have garnered bits and pieces of information about his life. And I think unitl a more adequate work in which the spirit of Jean Cocteau is present, I can do no more than recommend a similar precedure.

a & b sound

LADIES OF THE CANYON -JONI MITCHELL
SWEET BABY JAMES - JAMES TAYLOR
SIT DOWN YOUNG STRANGER - GORDON LIGHTFOOT
CLOUDS - JONI MITCHELL
AFTER THE GOLDRUSH - NEIL YOUNG
DEEP PURPLE IN ROCK - DEEP PURPLE
SANTANA
GRAND FUNK
JOE COCKER AND HIS GREASE BAND
CRICKLEWOODGREEN - TEN YEARS AFTER
HEY JUDE - BEATLES
ON THE THRESHOLD OF A DREAM - MOODY BLUES
JAMES TAYLOR ON APPLE
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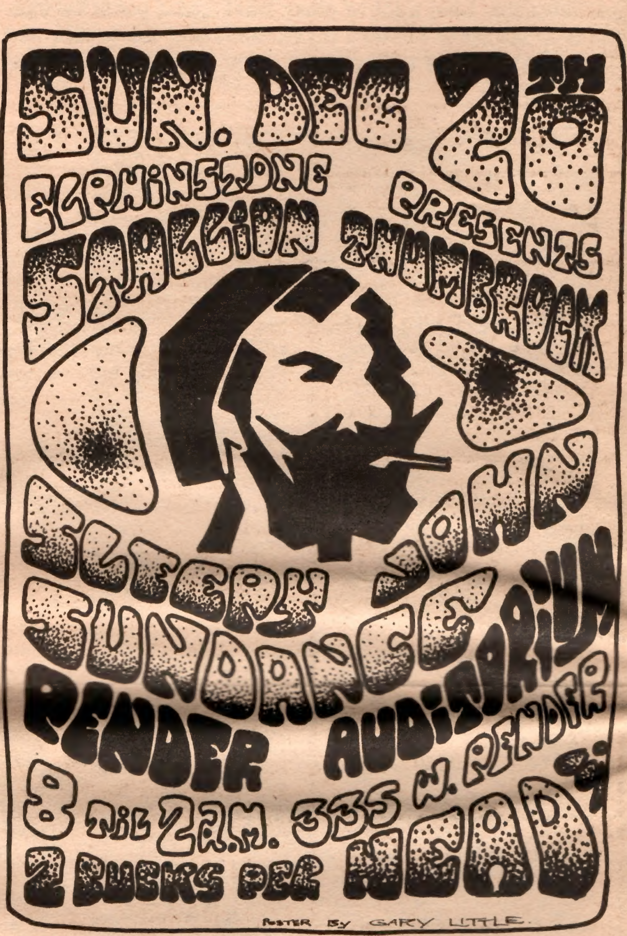
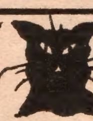


Le Chat  Noir Café & Gallerie
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ANY RACE OR CREED WELCOME
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SOIRÉE DE L'AMITIÉ
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Unclassified Ads

DEADLINE MONDAY 5 pm

FOR SALE

TARANTULA – The only complete and accurate edition of Bob Dylan's "underground" book, TARANTULA, is available for 25¢ per copy (15¢ per copy for 25 or more copies) from Georgia Straight, 56A Powell St., Vancouver 4, B.C., Canada. Get it at the non-ripoff price while it's still available.

Custom made LIFESTYLE clothing for playing and working. Shirts, Vests, Ponchos. Walden House 874-9872.

64 VW, gas heater, radio, snow tires, good brakes, dependable transportation. Jim, 879-0358.

Dairy truck and stereo for sale best offers 247 St. James Rd. N. Van.

Professional fender amp. orig. $529. Like new! $235. 988-7238

RMI stereo electric piano and harpsichord $1800 or best offer, phone 738-5564 after 6.

FREE SAMPLE
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B45 12 string Gibson, like new, $325 with hard case, ph. 879-5405.

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BLACK LIGHTS
Couches approx. 80 x 30 x 24 white, blue, red $29.95. Zebra modern round chair approx. 42 x 38 x 26 $12.95, Zebra hassock matches chair approx. 23 x 20 x 13 $4.95, 1 year guarantee, no COD's shipped FOB. 24 in. Black light fixture complete #14.95. International imports. Box 4083, Station C, Calgary, Alta.

Pottery classes and workshop at the Potter's Centre, 12 week course starts Jan. 11th, limited enrollment. Phone G. ALFRED 261-4764.

For sale/trade. Fender telecaster & case $200. Phone 733-6389, Steve.

Sony 250 recorder deck, a steal at $85, 985-0294.

TAURUS SPA (BATHS). Memberships available, men only, 1233 Hornby St.–phn. 687-1915.

RECYCLE

Joshua needs rags, bottles card board, paper, scrap metal for recycling. For now please drop off at 1952 W. 4th. Anyday.

MESSAGES

In Kamloops? Warm place to crash, call 376-3007. No heads please.

Lyle – this time we need the money, call Marta 261-1694.

Marj Wright call Lin Wilson 298-7359, won't send home if you don't want, must rap, no heat.

Bruce Howes phone home collect. J.P., Moe and Flash write home or Galt.

Seasons greetings, meery Mary, peace and love, Don and Mandi Muise Jr. Victoria.

Val O. and Cathy C. please call home collect.

"FREE COLONY"
For people tired of the cement jungles, other people bugging you. Want to get out of the old rut. I am giving to the cause $500.00. Come as you are, but we need donation, write my girl, Laura Oakland, 7517 Imperial St., Burnaby, B.C. or S. L. Struzan, 2105 Carlson Rd., Vancouver, Wash. USA, 98661.

HOSTELS

HOSTEL – for boys only (so far). Ages 16-18. No hassle promised. Call 683-0281 after 9 AM & 681-9744 after 8 PM.

Comfortable place to crash – $1.00 – includes breakfast. TV & bath – come & go as you please. Stay as long as you want – 266-8924.

OFFER

There are 50,000 homosexuals in Van. Free booklet designed for the naieve gay to help you meet some. 683-4864 to rap with male UBC student 22. I do not care about your sex, age, or sex preference. Box 8969, Stn "H", Van. 5.

"ORGY ACTION" Beautiful Couples doing their thing! Guys & Chicks freaking out – together – NUDE & UNCENSORED! Send for FREE ORGY Magazine Catalog. You must state in writing you are over 21. SINCLAIR-DIAMOND, Dept-GS 3040 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90039.

NUDE BOYS & MEN, all types, Sizes and shapes. Largest Selection of Male Nude Photo Magazines in the USA. Send for FREE illustrated Brochure. State in writing you are 21. RAINBOW STUDIO-G, Box 465-44, Hollywood, California 90046

WANTED

Desperate for info on Bill Lewis G-string bass stolen from Pender Audit. Nov. 27 Simon 299-6853.

Gay Lib. Social Centre would like donations of carpets, or lamps or even money. At 509 Carrall St., Fridays at 6.

Sell the Straight

EVERY WEDNESDAY AT NOON? THE NEW ISSUE COMES OUT. AVAILABLE AT 56A POWELL ST. DOWNTOWN-GASTOWN. 15¢ TO VENDORS; VENDORS GET 10¢ PER COPY. REGULAR HOURS: 10-6, MON. - SAT.; 10-10 WED. & FRI.

Wanted: a used B3 Hammond Contact Rick at Blind Owl on 4th Ave.

We pay the most bread for old & scrap cars. 253-0297 or 433-4329.

Whoever took a Fender Precission Bass (blonde neck) from a Blue Volvo Station Wagon Dec. 11 at the Chilliwack Concert, the bass is fire engine red, very old, invaluable to me. Please return, also return the steel (dobro) guitar that you took. This bass is my life and my living and the guitar is someone elses's.
Harry Kalensky
Uncle Slug

Musician Free Ad

Musicians, get free space to advertise for groups or individuals seeking musical company. Use the unclassified ad form (please keep it to three lines) and mail to Straight Music Unclassified, c/o Rick McGrath, Georgia Straight, 56A Powell St. If you're out of town, remember to include complete address.

Peoples rock band needs singer with good head. No asshole trips. Phone Gary 732-5648.

TRAVEL

Need riders to California, leaving Dec. 21, returning Jan. 2, call 738-4306 Saturday.

Ride wanted Ottawa/Mont. Xmas, Valri 85 – 6 St. S.W., Cal. 289-5418.

RENT

N. Van. house – 2 vacant floors for 2 working couples. 985-1784.

Gay people to share house $30 month and split food cost, must be cooperative, send particular information to Box 947.

Converted gospel hall in Mission; 2000 sq. ft. Suit resident band group $250. 942-8728 or 112-826-2696.

JOB OFFER

Part time photographer requires nude models in Calgary area. 18-35 must be swinger. No experience necessary, but must be attractive with good figure. Good money with excellent future returns. Please send suitable returnable photo to Box 945 with name, address, phone etc.

If you import, make or do the unusual phone 879-5976 before 10 AM or after 10 PM.

Girls wanted for dancing and waitresses must be attractive, 681-8022, also models.

Photographer req. females for stage film, wage & commission, no need to worry about being identified, have make-up man, enquire Box 939 G.S.

Musicians needed to play for the Unemployed Citizens Welfare Imp. Council Christmas Eve Banquet. Turkey dinner in exchange. Contact 731-0131.

LEGAL AID

LEGAL AID – 11th Floor, 100 West Pender Street; Telephone 687-1831.

SMALL DEBTS COURT. Legal Aid 944 Howe Wed. 6:30-8:30 pm.

LEGAL AID – Tuesday, 7-9 PM, 1824 Larch. Wednesdays, 7-9 PM, 1144 Commercial Dr. Thursdays, 7-9 PM, 5783 Victoria Dr.

LEGAL AID – Kits. United Church 2490 W. 2nd Tues. 7-9 p.m.

JOB WANTED

Coloured boy, 26, very broadminded, reliable, well built, aver. looks, discreet, reliable seeks part time job will try anything houseboy, companion, model or ? all answ. no triflers please. Desp. Box 935.

PERSONAL

LADIES! Lusty young man will supply good raw sex, age no bar, French & Greek style my speciality! Ph. # gets revealing snap. Everyone answered! Box 955, GS.

Gay girl would like to meet other gays for friendship or ? 24 to 35. Write Box 956, photo if poss.

Guy 22 wishes to meet sincere, attractive chick 20-25 for warm friendship, fun & sex, send name, phone & picture to Box 957.

Male, 21, lives in his house alone, he likes to meet female or females for sex friendship, Box 953.

Male, mid-forty, lonely, looking for unattached girl, mid-thirty, for permanent relationship, own car, furniture, must be attractive, race, status, unimportant, give photo & phone no., Box 954.

Would dig to meet a groovy chick to turn on with and ball with and to live with me, 18-25, Box 952.

Young couple seeks other couple for sex and friendship, send phone or address, discrete, Box 951.

Bachelor 38, 5 ft. 8 in. good income, generous, loyal, seeks intro. to young lady 20's, attractive, slim, circumstance unimportant, view friendship and ultimate marriage, Box 946

Chemist, head, poet, guitarist male 24 whose wife acquired a lover as a result of an unhappy group marriage would like to meet women (pref. divorced) who feel monogamy is not for them and are interested in working with him on nonclassic alternatives. Box 950.

Man 28 wishes to meet young lady for friendship, no trifler, Box 949.

New 20 yr. gay??! Needs friends desperately! Please help! GS 948.

Man 26 wishes to meet girl 19 to 26 for companionship and mutual sex gratification, Box 944.

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Dope; Vagrancy - lawyer

but, we need money to continue
send donations to:

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or **Georgia Straight** - % B. Cramer
56A Powell St.

Fill in this form and enclose payment in advance. ($1 for the first line; 50c for each line thereafter. Add 50c if you want a Georgia Straight box number.)

NAME ______________
ADDRESS ______________
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Put one letter or punctuation mark in each space. Leave an empty space between words.

$1.00
$1.50
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FAIR WARNING: We may refuse illegal or improperly filled out ad forms.

Guy 23 seeks girl to share apt and enjoy pleasant relationship, possibly share expenses, pref. student or girl working days. Box 942.

Young, well-endowed female is looking for novel sex, Box 943.

Two freaks SEEK WOMEN to share wilderness living write NOW: John Wood, 1215 Craigflower, Vic.

Man to meet woman 40 to 60 yrs. for outings & sex. Discreet. Box 941.

Couple in early 30's would like to meet others for swap, any color or race, phone & photo if possible, Box 940.

Stud service for discerning women, Box 6562, Station G, Van.

A young doctor seeks girl for short trip for Christmas. Will pay expenses. Box 929.

Broadminded singles, couples, write Box 276, Tacoma, WA 98409.

Married m. no home sex, wants to meet girl 25 for sexual pleasures, etc. Box 5812, P.S. "F", Van. B.C.

I want a TOTALLY perfect relationship NOW! Send to Jon, c/o Box 124, Gold River, B.C.

Girl wanted for weekend trips to the Cariboo, some sex, must like the outdoor life traveling. Reply to Box 6738 "Station" S, Van.

Wanted, lady 35-50, to be my partner when meeting swinging couples and groups. Race, weight, shape and marital status unimportant, bi ladies may reply too. Utmost discretion, Box 917 GS.

Wanted guys up to 40 who are well equipped where it counts and wanting to be done the French way. No fags. Write to John, Box 931.

BUSTED HEADS, Dec. 8-Dec.14

Poss. Mari. – Stanley Petne; Roy Smith; Harold Froste; Robert Flemming; Mary Reynolds ($50 or 30 days – Judge Davies) Louis Rempel; Raymond Lloyd; Arthur Todd; Ross Willis; Carol Silk; Gary Aitken; John Roberts; George Goodwin; Gary Warren; Edward Gabris; John Bryce (6 days – Judge Davies); Joseph Kersche; John McGovern (30 days – Judge Davies); George Burrell; John Kingston; Ronald Phillips;

Poss. Mari. for Purp. of Traffic: Sheldon Siegal; David Mears (bench warrant – Judge Beirnes); Daryl Allan;

Traffic Mari: Arlene Nicholson, Morris Nicholson; Terry Miranda; William Meyer; John Sheffield;

Poss. Resin: Kim Smith; Linda Gilbertson; Sylvia Paling; Donald Lind; Robert Wihnon; Mark Guest; Robert Mogg; Brian Ness; Robert Hall ($150 or 30 days – Judge Beirnes); Alain Barbier (susp. sent. & prob. 2 yrs. – Judge Davies);

Poss. Resin for Purp. of Traffic: Leslie Csano; Stanley Petne (stay of proceedings – Judge Davies); Alan Oscar; Anthony Hennell; Michael Meyer; Cherie Swain;

Import Resin – Anthony Hennell

Poss. LSD: Daniel Andrews (7 days & prob. 2 yrs. – Judge Davies); Hayward Richardson; Peter Thomas; Miles White; Gustave Liptak; Lynn Wayne; Richard Morton (withdrawn – Judge Beirnes);

Traffic LSD – Andrew Campbell; Kevin McAreavy (stay of proceedings – Judge Beirnes);

head lines

☿ WEDNESDAY

PLAY – "Joe Egg' Queen E. Theatre, 8:30. Through Friday

CONCERT – arranged by CBC Vadean's Trio, Beethoven, Opus 1, No. 1, at Vancouver Art Gallery, 12 noon - 1.

THRIFT SALE – St. Luke's Church, 23rd & Victoria. 10-12 noon.

MUSIC & DRAMA – Vanc. Tech. Fine Arts Dept., Auditorium, 2600 E. 9th, 8 pm tickets at door.

AQUARIUM IS FREE OF CHARGE now through Sat. 10 am – 5 pm. They say it's a Xmas present.

A U.S. owned pebble from the moon is doing a cross-Canada tour of concerts. See and hear it Xmas week at the MacMillan Planetarium. More info call David. A. Roger 736-4431 loc. 43.

MUSIC – Tim Williams & Mike Haupt, Tank Town Dump Blues Band. Wed: hootenanny, Sun. classical recital. At LE CHAT NOIR, 95 Powell, Gastown. No cover charge.

♃ THURSDAY

MUSIC & DRAMA – Vanc. Tech. Fine Arts Dept., Auditorium, 2600 E. 9th, 8 pm, tickets at the door.

XMAS PARTY – for senior citizens at Vanc. Art Gallery, 11 am – 2 pm. Free admission and refreshments, bring sandwiches. More info 738-9534

XMAS CAROL FLOTILLA – a dozen brightly lit ships cruise the inner harbour the next 3 evenings. Carolling.

PLAY – "Joe Egg" Queen E. Theatre, 8:30 Through Friday

YOUTH NIGHT – Reach Centre every Thurs, 7:30 – 9:30 1144 Commercial Dr. Help with medical, dental, sex info. Birth control, for appointment call 254-1354.

CONCERT-DANCE – The James Cooper Band, 8 pm, Orange Hall on Steveston Hwy, Richmond. More info 273-3051

♀ FRIDAY

POETRY READING – Noon - 1, free, Vanc. Art Gallery, Ken Warfel reading his own.

SYMPHONY CONCERT – Van Jr. Symphony. Bach, Mozart. North Van Centennial Theatre 8:30 pm.

AQUARIUM – Only 2 more days to get in free. 10 am-5 pm.

DANCE – Church of Christ the King (Is that God and Prime Minister combined?) Kitchener & Willingdon, Bby. 8 pm, 75¢

PLAY – "Joe Egg" Queen E. Theatre, 8:30 Last show.

♄ SATURDAY

AQUARIUM – Last day to get in free. 10 am-5 pm.

SYMPHONY CONCERT – Yehudi Menuhim with the Vanc. Symphony and Meredith Davies Queen E. Theatre 8:30 pm Van Ticket Centre. Also tomorrow.

WINTER PARTY – East End Satellite Gallery from V.A.G. Drummers, movies, poetry continuous events, food. 6 pm 2023 E. 1 st.

PUPPET THEATRE – "The Tinderbox" on tour in Lower Mainland for 2 weeks. From tale of Hans Christian Andersen. Today and Tomorrow in Burnaby Arts Centre. Today at 11 am and 2 pm. Reservations 988-7724. Tickets $1.

BENEFIT – Musicians Xmas Benefit, LE CHAT NOIR, 95 Powell, Gastown. $2 advance, all proceeds to the several groups of musicians. 6 pm-2 am

☉ SUNDAY

PUPPETS – (see Dec. 19) Burnaby Arts Centre, 2 pm.

CONCERT – Jeunesses Musicales, Orion Piano Trio from London, with BC's Sharon McKinley on cello. Queen E. Theatre, 2:30 pm, Vanc. Ticket Centre.

YOGA – Every Sunday, 2:30 pm at the Free University, 1895 Venables. Ram Dass tapes. Postures, breathing, meditation chanting and diet.

CONCERT – Vanc. Jr. Symphony with Churchill Choir at Pt. Grey High Auditorium 2:30 pm

SYMPHONY CONCERT – (see Dec. 19)

☽ MONDAY

CONCERT – Vanc. Symphony and Bach Choir present their Xmas Concert. 7:30 pm, Queen E. Theatre, Tickets $2,3,4, children half, Van. Ticket Cen.

PUPPETS – (see Dec. 19) Today at Oakridge Audit. 11 am & 2 pm.

EASTEND SATELLITE GALLERY – Extention of Vanc. Art Gallery. 2023 E. 1st Open Mon through Sat. 10 am - 10 pm Sun. 10 am - 5 pm.

♂ TUESDAY

COMEDY – 1st show of the new season. Newly elected aldermen and mayor perform "Regular City Council Meeting". 9:30 am - 12 noon and 2 pm and on. 3rd floor, City Hall.

☿ WEDNESDAY

CONCERT – Noon Xmas Concert with Ian Hampton. Vanc. Art Gallery. Free.

PUPPETS – (see Dec. 19) At Oakridge till Thursday. 11 am & 2 pm.

♄ SATURDAY

PUPPETS – (see Dec. 19) At No. Van Centennial Theatre. 11 am & 2 pm.

STRAIGHT ON SALE AT:

Gastown stores

West to East

Picadilly Circus	348 Water
Leather & Things	137 Water
Rumplestiltskins	#1 Trounce Alley
Beau Brummel	221 Carrall
Georgia Straight Office	56A Powell

downtown stores

West to East

Hippogryff	1968 W. Georgia (by Stanley Pk)
Union Jacks & Jeans	957 Denman
Duthie Books	919 Robson
Record Gallery	912 Robson
Stereomart	613 Granville
Vanguard Books	1208 Granville
The Viking Men's Hair Designs	534 Seymour
Opus 69	680 Robson
Occidental Foodland	514 W. Pender
Dominion Confectionary	345 W. Pender
Universal News	112 E. Hastings
Nordic Newsstand	146 E. Hastings
International News	169 E. Hastings
New World Confectionary	398 Powell

Point Grey stores

West to East

Duthie Books	4560 W. 10th Ave.
Bill Lewis Music	3645 W. Broadway
Alma Market	3643 W. 4th Ave.
Spectral Zodiac	3210 Dunbar
Kay's Market	3406 W. Broadway
Blenheim Food Market	3303 W. 4th Ave.
Shum Organic Foods	3235 W. Broadway
Grin Bin	3209 W. Broadway

Kitsilano shops

Family's Market	2754 W. 4th Ave.
Rohan Record Store	2720 W. 4th Ave.
Odd Shoppe	2648 W. 4th Ave.
Barry's Bazaar	2625 W. 4th Ave.
Kelly-Deyong Sound House	2617 W. 4th Ave.
Spectrum Imports	2031 W. 4th Ave.
Tansar Crafts	2002 W. 4th Ave.
Cypress Confectionary	1903 W. 4th Ave.
King's Confectionary	1823 W. 4th Ave.
Stereo Boutique	1802 W. 4th Ave.
99 Market	3024 W. Broadway
Poster Gallery	2746 W. Broadway
Kelly-Deyong Sound Centre	2714 W. Broadway

other Vancouver stores

West to East

Union Jacks & Jeans	W. Blvd & 37th Ave.
Mayfair	1515 W. Broadway
V.I.P. Newsstand	2440 Granville St.
Ever Handy Produce	3309 Cambie St.
New York News and Novelty	2429 Main St.
Bill's Book Bar	4185 Main St.
Shum Organic Foods	4366 Main St.
What Not Spot	601 Victoria Dr.
Brenda Grocery	2443 Nanaimo St.

Burnaby (sticks)

Axis Music Stores	3752 E. Hastings
Pacific News & Novelty	4587 Kingsway
Merryweather	4949 Kingsway

West Vancouver

Rumplestiltskins	The Village Square

and in VICTORIA

Baggins	1014 Government St.
Calendula	1413 Store Street
Fort News	628 Fort Street
Girl Boutique	1320 Government St.
Ivy's Books	1507 Wilmot Place
Joyful Sound	1118 Langley Street
Kelly-Deyong	648 Yates
Men's Rooms	613 Johnson Street
Modern Sound	766 Fort Street
Munen's Books	753 Yates
Palace News	920 Government St.
Shy Violet Boutique	45 Bastion Square
Stereo World	1321 Quadra St.
The Record Gallery	730 View St.

CALGARY...

Billy's News	138 9th Ave. s.w.
Body Shop	304 8th Ave s.e.
Charisma	801 17th Ave. s.w.
Lord Wolf	819 1st St. s.w.
Now Co. Boutique	329 8th Ave. s.e.
Ruby's In	333A 8th Ave. s.e.
Uni-Sex	709 2nd St. s.w.
University Co-op Bookstore	Rm 318a Macewan Hall

RED DEER...

Al's Discount Center	5201 Gaetz Ave.

and EDMONTON!

Art Mart	10154 103 St.
Hippogrif	106 Ave. and 101 St.
Soft Machine	10611 87 Ave.
Tape and Record Peddlar	10722 101 St.
Vanguard Hall	10402 97 St.

MEALS AND/OR REFRESHMENTS AVAILABLE AS LISTED BELOW

Harbour Light	119 East Cordova St.	(Meal)	11:30 A.M.	Daily) Mon.
Harbour Light	119 East Cordova St.	(Meal)	8:00 P.M.	to Fri.
Harbour Light	119 East Cordova St.	(Meal)	7:30 P.M.	Sat. and Sun. only
Franciscan Sisters	Cordova at Dunlevy	(Sandwich)	4:00 P.M.	Daily
Emmanuel Mission	Powell at Gore	(Sandwich)	8:00 P.M.	Daily
Rainbow Mission	Powell at Dunlevy	(Sandwich)	8:00 P.M.	Daily
Beacon Light Mission	140 East Hastings	(Sandwich)	8:00 P.M.	Daily
			4:00 P.M.	Sunday
Beulah Mission	52 Water Street	(Soup)	6:00 P.M.	Sun. to Fri.
Grace Mission	325 Main Street	(Coffee)	2:00 P.M.	Daily
		(Meal)	8:00 P.M.	Tues. & Thurs.
Central City Mission	233 Abbott Street	(Sandwich)	8:00 P.M.	Saturday
		(Refreshments)	2:00 P.M.	Sunday
Sunshine Mission	Powell at Dunlevy	(Sandwich)	8:00 P.M.	Tues., Wed., Fri. and Sat.
God's Rescue Mission	381 Powell St.			
Union Gospel Mission	Cordova at Princess	(Soup)	8:00 P.M.	Daily
Dugout Day Centre	57 Powell Street	(Coffee)	8:00 A.M.	Week Days
		(Coffee)	9:00 A.M.	Sundays
Saturday Night Fellowship	First United Church, 320 East Hastings	(Sandwiches & Entertainment)	8:00 P.M.	Saturdays

Prepared by RESIDENTS OF GASTOWN, 55A Powell Street

SIERRA CLUB OF B.C. – we are a conservation group. Live a life style, not a death style! Phone 224, 6585.

Phone NOW – 736-7376 – any reason – anytime – for young people.

FREE VD CLINIC: 828 W 10th, 3:30 a.m. – 4 p.m. Monday-Friday and 306 Abbott Street, 3rd floor, 2:30 p.m. Monday-Friday and Cool-Aid Thurs. 6:30 p.m.

YOUTH ACTION SERVICE – meet friends/discuss community action/free legal and medical aid/birth control and other information/Sunday to Thursday/7 to 10 p.m./950 West 41 Ave./266-2396.

FREE ABORTION COUNSELLING SERVICE, 383-7922, Victoria. If no answer, call again.

BIRTH CONTROL COUNSELLING – appointments only 872-2421.

VANCOUVER FREE UNIVERSITY 1895 Venables, Office hrs. 11 am to 9 pm – 254-8522

COOL-AID food co-op 736-9971

ECO-CENTRE – Free info. on environmental matters, pollution ecology, etc. Write 805 MacLeod Trail, Calgary, S.E. 263-6106.

FREE DROP-IN MEDICAL CLINIC – 7 p.m. Thursdays – REACH, 1144 Commercial Drive 24-hour doctors' emergency phone service, 683-2474.

UNEMPLOYED CITIZENS WELFARE IMPROVEMENT COUNCIL – 731-0131 – walk in centre, 9-12 a.m. or 4 a.m. 1726 W.7th, side entrance. They will tell you of your welfare rights & will accompany you to the office if there is any problem.

SOFT MACHINE – for crash and food – 10611 87th Ave. 432-7125. (Edmonton)

TRUST – drug crisis centre 9917 116th St. 452-2335. (Edm)

S.H.A.Y.P. – jobs and crash for job-seekers only – 12432 Stoney Plain Rd. 452-0979. (Edm)

MEDICAL AID – 8 p.m. Monday and Wednesday, free, Cool-Aid, 1822 West 7th.

Abortion Information Service – Wednesday 6-9 – 879-5836, 511 Carrall St.

FREE clothing – take what you need, bring in what you don't. Trade-in books. Open Tues.-Sat. noon-6 PM. Y's Owl Boutique, 2904 W.4th open Sundays.

Y.O.U. – help for youth moving into the city; listening post for ideas, problems, projects 10124 99th St. 424-4648. (Edm)

ALEXANDER ROSS SOCIETY for draft resisters – call Mike Seales, counsellor, 465-4012. Edm)

INNER SPIRIT TEEN CENTER coffee house, artisan store – 10172 98th St. 429-2122. (Edm)

KAMLOOPS
Coffeehouse & crash pads, 411 West Victoria St., Kamloops, B.C.

ODYSSEY HOUSE – 1001 - 2nd Ave. S. Lethbridge, Alta. – Birth control, Abortion and Drug information centre. Phone 327-7766.

FREE STORE – Take what you want, bring what you can. Just opened corner of W.5th and Cypress.

TOGETHERNESS – 24 hrs. of service for New Westminster problems – phone 524-8505.

TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION – introductory talk every Tuesday 8 p.m. 2549 West 41st 266-0862.

People's Defence Fund, acct. # 6889, Bank of Nova Scotia, 602 W.Hastings St. or Georgia Straight, c/o Barry Cramer 56A Powell St.

YIPPIE! COMMUNITY OFFICE – 509 Carrall St. – open every day 10 to 6 – anarchy . . . free newspapers . . . Join the revolution!

VANCOUVER SWITCHBOARD 874-3661.

SPEAK-EASY – room 234 in SUB. Mon.-Fri. 11:30 a.m.-8:30 p.m. Phone 228-3700.

VIETNAM ACTION COMMITTEE – Office No.12, 2414 Main St., 879-7011. 11 a.m.-4 p.m.

CHILDREN'S AID – day - 872-7711, night – 683-2474, 395 W. Broadway.

THE CALGARY YOUTH CLINIC the Drug Information Centre. Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 6:00 to 8:00 p.m. 628-11th Ave., S.W. Calgary, 266-1605.

DRUG INFORMATION CENTRE (Calgary) – 266-1605.

Japan "Peace for Vietnam" Committee (Beheiren) TEL(03) 267-2471, Kagurazaka, Shin-Juku-ku, Tokyo, Japan.

VICTORIA COOL-AID – phone 383-1951 any time.

Victoria Free Clinic, Mondays, 8 p.m., First United Church Hall Legal and Medical Help.

HELP – is as close as the phone 24 hours a day – 733-4111, Crisis Centre.

help

VANCOUVER COMMITTEE TO AID AMERICAN WAR OBJECTORS – 628 E. Georgia, 255-1918.

COOL-AID phone number 736-9971.

TRANSIT INFO. – B.C. Hydro 261-4211.

POISON CONTROL CENTRE – 874-5000.

"FREE BEACH DEFENCE FUND" (Wreck Beach Nudism) Mr. Natural 327-8677.

IN-SIGHT – North Shore help for young people (and other people) in need. Call 926-5481 any time.

TIME – 873-9555.

POLICE – Emergency - 683-1122; Info. - 684-7111.

DOCTOR – Vancouver Emergency - 683-2474.

AMBULANCE – 872-5151.

WEATHER – Meteorological Dept. 273-2386.